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(Organ of the Andhra Students Union)

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We are sorry that some misunderstandings have arisen in the minds of the public that our Magazine is *solely* intended for the Andhras, as it is published under that name and under the auspices of that Union. It is true that the Magazine is published as the organ of the Andhra Students Union, managed by the executive of the said Union and supported by its funds. But that does not in any way restrict either the catholicity of our aims or the cosmopolitanism of our views. We throw open our columns to every student of this University or elsewhere, without reference to caste, creed or sex, be he Tamilian, Malayalee, Coorge, Oriya, Canarese or Andhra. Ours is essentially a student's Journal managed and edited by the students and for the students.

Under very trying circumstances the past committee worked with unflinching courage and brought out a really creditable number, but it is possible that some faults might have crept in its composition as it was done in some haste. We sincerely regret for the same, and on behalf of the new committee, appeal for active co-operation from our Andhra brothers and sisters in the city and the moffusil. We appeal to the generous public for substantial support to make this poineer attempt a success.

MANAGER.

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"Dedicated to an end that surmounts the bounds of time and sense, refined and expanded through a strenuous course of self-liberation—ever-taxing and yet ever re-assuring, the pilgrim is led on to an illumination that visions the divine harmony which, like the calm above the storm, prevails eternally through the hankerings and strivings of the work-a-day world."

Sir. R. Venkataratnam Naidu.

THE ANDHRA HERALD

Vol. I **January, 1926** **No. 2**

OUR VICE-CHANCELLOR.

By Mr. P. Kameswara Row, M.A., M.L,

When the Editor of the "Andhra Herald" was good enough to approach me for an article, I did not hesitate to accept his invitation Nor did I wait long to choose my subject. I very quickly decided that the first article of mine should deal with him who for the last 15 years has been a living source of inspiration to me in my humble life, which though uneventful, is not without the vicissitudes incidental to mundane existence.

Schoolmasters I had in plenty. Our University curriculum provides for any number of lecturers to influence us, when passing through the 'Educational Mill' Though it may be almost staggering to think of now, I had been regularly attending 'School' or 'College' for nearly twenty years—from the pial school with its woeful lack of furniture, library or equipment of any sort but not of discipline the severity of which set many howling frequently in chorus, to the professional Law College, with any number of chairs, tables, benches, almirahs and books to inspire us, if we chose, but not with real respect for the professors, who deprived of the sovereign authority of the birthrod, were struggling in vain to use the tongue as a substitute Among all these masters, however, inspiration could be had only from a few This may be due, as our Swarajist friends say, perhaps to the incubus of an alien course of study in a strange language by ill-paid teachers who more often repeated the language of text-books than gave out what they assimilated in any branch of knowledge, controlled by a strict 'red-tape' which looks more to inspection reports, progress cards, terminal examinations and what not, rather than the development of the faculties of the individual pupil Perhaps this may be due partially or wholly, to the subordination of all cultural interests by the teacher and taught alike, to the prosaic question of the net earning capacity of this education in rupees, annas and pies This question we shall leave to our politicians and educationists, including the venerable Vice-Chancellor, to decide and solve as best they can. Meanwhile we shall express our humble gratitude to Providence for having vouchsafed to the Andhra world a born inspirer of souls, a true 'netter of men,' in Sir R Venkata Ratnam, aptly styled by one of his old pupils, the 'Dr. Arnold of the Pithapuram Maharajah's College.' No better testimony, none which he would prize more, can be offered of this than the loving greetings which pour in every year in connexion with his birthday, from all quarters, from all classes and communities, from all creeds and races, from high and from low, from Dewan

Bahadur J. V. Narayana Naidu, the Commissioner of the City Corporation and Mahommed Bazlullah Sahib Bahadur, District Collector of Kurnool to the humblest School master or office clerk, to whom Heaven has denied academic distinction or worldly prosperity but not the pleasure and the pride of having been under Sir R. Venkata Ratnam. I may be permitted, however, to cite the words of the Rev. C. W A. Clarke, Principal of the Noble College, Masulipatam, himself an educationist of no mean repute, spontaneously given out in connexion with Sir Venkata Ratnam's appointment as Principal of the Pithapuram Maharajah's College. "In my eighteen years' experience of Indian education, I have not met a better teacher than Mr. Venkata Ratnam nor have I met one whose personal influence among students was as powerful." That this feeling of colleagues and old boys is fully shared in by all discerning minds, may be seen from the following extract of a letter written by Lord Willingdon, till recently the head of this Presidency, congratulating Sir R. Venkata Ratnam on the knighthood conferred on him by His Majesty: "None ever deserved the distinction more, for you have always set a wonderful example in life to all around you."

What, then, is the secret of the attraction which all seem to have universally for this simple, unassuming 'schoolmaster,' who has always scrupulously avoided the limelight of publicity and conscientiously abstained from identifying himself with the popular movements of the hour? The reason is not far to seek It lies in the great personal worth of the individual himself. Nobody can talk to him for a while without being inspired with a feeling of genuine admiration and respect, sometimes even against his own will. The very sight has impressed many with a feeling that this must be some great soul. Once at Government House, one of the leading members of the European community saw him for the first time and at once sought an introduction to him from a common friend. Very often people who came to have a 'fight out' with him and curse him, left him at the end of the conversation with a blessing on their lips, awe-struck with the unstudied simplicity of his nature and the natural grandeur of his life.

The first reason for this immense influence over men is no doubt the physical frame itself. Three generations of military blood, as he himself more than once acknowledged, have given him a magnificent frame, which is only slowly giving way to the systematic disregard of all laws of health in the service of God and man. The massive forehead, the piercing eyes and the well-proportioned limbs would have no doubt made many a stranger especially in Sir Venkata Ratnam's younger years, take him to be an assertive and aggressive militant leader of the Ranjit Singh type rather than the prayerful soul who conquers only by love Some feats of physical endurance of the earlier years, he used to narrate occasionally to young men who complained of dyspepsia when in their teens. When he appeared for the M. A. degree Examination, he had already become an ardent Brahmo and most of his time was consumed in the activities connected with his new faith. Sometime after his application was sent up, he began his systematic study. From 9 P M., till about 3 A.M., he used to sit at his books steadily day after day and go to bed then. Rising up at about 7 A.M, he began again to attend to the work

for the day. When he was a professor in the Noble College, Masulipatam, the students in a particular class sought his assistance for studying a play of Shakespeare which was not in the regular course of his work. The examination was impending, they felt they had not sufficient assistance from the other lecturer, and they sought him to give them something that might be helpful for the emergency. Mr. Venkata Ratnam (as he then was) with his usual alacrity in responding to such invitations, readily responded, sat up the whole night without a wink of sleep and worked at it, so that by dawn he was ready to deliver his lectures. Needless to say, the students were immensely satisfied with the way in which they were helped at such a crisis Indeed his physical strength coupled with his great moral capacity for endurance is such that he absolutely forgets the limitations of the flesh. He is surprised when educational authorities prescribe not more than 12 or 15 hours, lecturing-work a week for members of a college staff, for when he was Principal of the Pithapuram Maharajah's College, in charge of an institution which, besides a High School and a Primary Department in its precincts with close on a thousand pupils in all, had a 'feeder' secondary school under its management at a suburb 3 miles off, he was for several years the only lecturer in English for the two college classes—which meant not less than 16 hours a week in all. Only recently, after fasting the whole day and working in the office six hours, he was surprised when he experienced some slight difficulty in walking from his car to his sitting-room on his return from the Senate House.

But this physical capacity alone could not have made Sir Venkata Ratnam what he is to us, though it might have made him a serious rival to our Professor Ramamurthi if he chose to pursue that line. His intellectual vigour even at the present day when he is reaching his 64th birthday, is something extraordinary. There is no problem, however small, which he does not thoroughly study if he has to solve it. There is no subject, however great in design and vast in scope on which he has not some original thought to contribute. This intellectual alertness penetrates almost every department of human activity. Sometime last year, when I was talking to him, a friend that was present mentioned that the next day was the annual Cooperator's Day. On this, Sir Venkata Ratnam spoke for half an hour suggesting many new thoughts and putting the whole subject of cooperation in its relation to life in an altogether fresh light to the present writer.

This intellectual activity, I need scarcely add, is not confined to the mere problems of the day. No doubt, informed as the intellect is, by an almost oversensitive conscience, he makes a point of studying every paper that is placed for his consideration, as a member of any honorary body to which he is nominated by the Government or elected by the people. Thus, as a member of the Syndicate, he invariably used to be here some days before the meeting, and study every paper in connexion with the matters to be discussed. As a member of the Legislative Council, though he spoke on very few subjects, he was filled with information on most. As a member of of select committees he rarely missed any meeting at whatever sacrifice to personal convenience and whatever cost to health.

But I would also emphasise the fact that in culture of the highest sense, few in this Presidency surpass him. No doubt, he has not the vast learning in various languages

and on various subjects, of a genius like the lae lamented Dewan Bahadur L. D. Swamikannu Pillay, the President of our Legislative Council whose recent death we all so deeply mourn. But his knowledge of English literature has been surpassed by few, even among those who are 'Professors of English' here.

His knowledge of the great classics in Persian and Urdu is profound Indeed, he talks Urdu with the ease of a Mussalman. Brought up in alien surroundings, a deep study of Andhra literature cannot be expectd of him. But since his settling down at Coconada and close association with the late Rao Bahadur Kandukuri Veerasalingam Pantulugaru, the twin star in the Andhra world which has set recently. to the great loss of the whole of Andhra Desa, he has been developing a real taste for the same It is no secret to his colleagues in the University work, though it may not be known to many outside, that to-day there is no greater enthusiast for the development of the Vernacular literature than the present Vice-Chancellor of our University.

This intellectual activity, however, might have degenerated into the passion for quibbling and the capacity to adduce arguments for a predetermined position so frequent in our public men in one less happily endowed with a sympathetic heart. This moral fineness in Sir Venkata Ratnam, however, never allows the intellect to run away from the real moorings of a true life, consecrated to the service of humanity. There is no movement for the alleviation of human suffering, which does not find in him a staunch adherent and a sincere supporter—whether it is the Chennapuri Annadhana Samajam or the Depressed Classes Mission at Mangalore. Indeed, if he had done nothing else, his work for the uplift of the depressed classes alone, of which there is so much talk in the air now—which is however translated into action only by few—would entitle him to the gratitude of future generations. The Widow Remarriage Movement found in him a staunch adherent. Paradoxical as it may appear in one who has been a widower from his 27th year, a widower who has been observing always in spirit and very often to the letter the mode of life prescribed by the Hindu Shastras for those widowed of the partner for life, he was one of the first supporters of the late Veerasalingam Pantulu garu in his efforts to emancipate those whom a callous society brands as widows before they scarcely understand that they are brides, and who are forced to give up all activities of life for observing the memory of those to whom the heart never responded when living. For he has always held that social coercion is not the weapon for regulating the affections of the heart or realising the ideals of the aspiring soul. It may be also added that Sir Venkata Ratnam's is the real spirit behind the magnificent munificence of the present Maharajah of Pithapuram, in many an institution for the benefit of the fatherless and out-caste, the widow and the orphan, the aged and the poor.

For, behind all this massive physical force, reinforced by the capacious intellect and regulated by an all-embracing heart lies the real source of Sir Venkata Ratnam's power—I mean the spirit of true religion. His religion is not consumed in mere ceremonial ritual—whether of formal congregational powers or private worship of the Deity. His religion is the realisation in every action of his life, in his daily thoughts and even in the inmost springs of affection in the recesses

of the heart, of the immediate Presence of an All-Pervading Deity, immanent in all. This it is that really prevents him from seeing evil the most glaring The worst action of a treacherous friend he will find some excuse for, rather than believe in an evil heart. The charity that 'seeth only good even in things evil', has been given to him almost as a Divine gift which works spontaneously, in a measure vouchsafed to few, even of professional 'Divines'. Again this is the real source of that spontaneous love for fellow-creatures, which made him take under his care and protection a whole family of orphans, of whose existence he had heard at a way-side railway station. This again it is that made him take as a gift from Heaven, the little child that ran from Rajahmundry to his home at Coconada guided by an impulse she could not analyse. Again, no utilitarian philosophy nor mere philanthropy can account for that absorbing interest which he feels in the progress and development of every individual child that has been in the Sri Rajah Gangadhara Rama Rao Orphanage at Coconada.

This love for the children in the Orphanage he carries to an extent that sometimes surprises his fellow-workers and intimate friends. Only a few months ago, he was invited to an important function at Government House, Madras. He declined attending the same, as that would interfere with an engagement he had fixed up to meet the 'children' as he invariably terms them and he was determined not to disappoint them.

Nor can the mere sense of duty, the satisfaction of conscience for doing the work we are paid for, account for the deep and abiding interest he takes in the career of everyone of his old pupils. To this day he rarely forgets the name of an old pupil nor the institution where they met, not even the year he read under him. It is in the spirit of a real 'vocation' from Heaven, a command from on High that, at the age of sixty-four, he acceded to the universally-expressed desire from all quarters to stand for election as Vice-Chancellor and at enormous sacrifice has taken upon himself the heavy duties and vast responsibilities of the exalted office. A less intensely devout spirit would have been satisfied with the comfortable ease, hard earned indeed by over 40 years of continuous work in the field of education, interspersed with frequent and incessant calls to almost every kind of public work—an ease guaranteed by the devotional generosity of the noble-hearted Maharajah of Pithapuram, who, we need not grudge to add in passing, has always realised in himself, as few wealthy men ever have done, only a trustee as a trustee for the wealth God has bestowed on him to spend it on worthy objects but whose left hand rarely knoweth what the right hand doeth. May He the eternal Father of all, the Preserver of all that is good, the Sustainer of all that is worthy, keep Sir Venkata Ratnam with us for many and many a year to come, to minister to his *alma mater* as none of her children have done before to benefit the Andhra Desa by his sage counsel and noble guidance, to be an example unto all and to serve as a beacon light to generations yet unborn.

PROGRESS BOUND FAST BY PREJUDICE.

In the sad symphony of the waters bound by the Popy Hills,
In the loud wailings of Cauvery from over the mountaintops,
In the austere stillness of the towering Himalayan crests,
In the fertile plains of the Ganges, and the rippling music of Haridwar,
In the bounteous beautiful bowers of Kashmere Gardens,
In the sublime valleys of Punjab watered by the noble Indus,
In the dreary desert sands of Sindh, and in the recesses of ruined Rajput castles,
In the ceaseless cooings of a crying cuckoo or the twittering trills of a golden sparrow,
In the muffled music of the tolling temple bells,
In the same sorrowful tone, the same sad song,
In the same sad voice, the same sad refrain
Is heard wherever I go wherever I wander—
O Mother ! Is there no hope of thy deliverance?

Vasanta.

A FAREWELL LETTER TO MADRAS STUDENTS.

By Prof. F. S. Marvin (of the Oxford University.)

The invitation of the Editor enables me to say a word of thanks and farewell to the many students of Madras with whom I have been brought in friendly intercourse in the last fortnight. They bore me no ill-will for having been the author of at least one text-book, a text they had been compelled to study for their examinations. They accepted my explanation that I had meant them no ill, and came in great numbers, and listened with the heartiest goodwill to any address which I delivered. In this way I came to speak—besides the more formal lectures at the University—at student gatherings both at the Presidency College, the Law College, and the Queen Mary's College for Women At all the meetings I received the most attentive hearing, and was plied by more very interesting and relevant questions than I was able to answer in the time at my disposal.

For all this I beg to tender my most sincere thanks and to express my high appreciation of the keen intellectual interest displayed I hardly think that students from my own *Alma Mater* of Oxford, or even the rival institution of Cambridge, would have shown so much toleration for the author of one of their examination classics.

But I must not spend all my little space in polite and graceful words, sincere and well-deserved as they are. I want to add a note of exhortation which I feel as deeply and which I hope may be received in the same tolerant and open-minded spirit as was shown to me personally

I want to urge all those who are interested in politics, and social questions to try and put themselves at the world point of view of which the League of Nations is now the established symbol It is as such that I am interested in it · it links up with all my study of history and is at the root of science which is the intellectual force of human co-operation. However strenuously we may be bound to follow our own professional career, however keenly we are interested in immediate political reforms, we should never lose sight of the interests of the world as a whole, which happened in our own day to be passing through a special crisis in its history It is not only that our own efforts will count for much at such a time in establishing harmony and promoting progress, but also that we become ourselves greater, more enlightend and effective people by widening our ideas, and identifying ourselves with the needs of others and the welfare of mankind.

It must be noticed that in history all the greatest patriots have been also 'friends of mankind', ready, like Garibaldi or Mazzini, to fight and work for any good cause which would give peace, freedom, or greater happiness to any section of their fellowmen.

There is no necessary contradiction between the two objects ; the better patriot will bow before the large ideal just as the good father or son will be anxious to see his family eminent or useful in the State. The larger conception does not retard but actually enriches the smaller. India which has combined throughout its history so many streams of culture and societies of men, has become in our own day the greatest meeting-ground of new and old, and West and East; it is the testing place of our good will, our political freedom, and our international idealism.

SOCIAL DUTY.

Some Thoughts for Future Citizens.

By Mr. James H. Cousins D. Lit.

One of the most hopeful indications in student life all over the world is the activity of young men and women in the helping of others who are not so fortunate in life as themselves. There is nothing more purifying and uplifting than altruistic service, for it takes one out of oneself, increases one's knowledge of the actualities of human life, expands one's consciousness, ennobles feeling, and diminishes the obstruction of personality against the outflow of the soul.

The impulse to such social service is varied. Some enter upon it with intentions which are excellent but superficial. Others seek for fundamental principles on which to base their activity with assurance and stability. There are those, for example, who see in the existence of depressed classes in a country a danger to the physical side of social life in the possiblity of theft and bodily hurt and the spreading of disease through infection. It is right that such dangers be got rid of; but unless the effort goes deeper than mere self interest on the external side of life, there will always remain a tendency for things to fall back to their former condition. Others hear the call to social duty from the humanitarian side. Their feelings are touched. This is good, but not good enough; for feelings have a tendency to change both themselves and their expressions in action, and so to produce uncertainty and lack of continuity. To such good-hearted people the Golden Rule makes special appeal—"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." On the surface this rule seems merely to inculcate the playing of the game of life with some degree of fairness But, in its deep truth, it is not a mere safeguard against a possible hit back from others It is an enunciation of the law of life that those who seek to possess spiritual gifts must themselves give. Spiritual aspiration is good, but action is its fulfilment, and action takes us into association with our fellows. This is the pragmatic test of all the great religions. When the Buddha, in his incarnation as the Brahman, Sumedha, decided to expire to future Buddhahood, he found that the first perfection for an aspirant was almsgiving. Christ identified himself with the poor and outcast, and said that service rendered to them was rendered to him. The Caliph Omar taught that if religious observances took people along the path to the gate of Heaven, it was almsgiving that opened the gate.

But alleviation of momentary suffering or the temporary softening of hard conditions is not enough, nor do these voices of revelation mean it to be so Beside the external act must be the desire and purpose to raise the whole tone of life, and so to permeate social obligation with spiritual idealism that the organisation of society itself will be shaped to these ideals and will simultaneously reduce the means to evil and expand the means to good. It is therefore incumbent on all who aspire to fulfil their social duty satisfactorily, not only to dispense charity to the full extent of their ability and discrimination, but to enter into the public life in which are moulded the conditions of the future, and help through the practical application of high idealism to bring to the world the Golden Age, which is not (as historians say it is) behind them as a rebuke, but is (as the poets sing) before them as an inspiration.

MADRAS YOUTH CONFERENCE.

By Mr. Maung Maung Ji.

The Madras Youth Conference was started with a view to realise three objects which, it is hoped, may knit up and enrich the life of the young.

(1) To provide means of achieving national solidarity based on tolerance and fellowship in active social work.

(2) To form local groups for study in interchange of ideas in art, science, politics and religion.

(3) To spread the idea of universal Brotherhood of man without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

The objects are very high indeed, but if we remember that we are living in the dawn of a new age, wherein things are pulsating with saner and deeper life, we would then hesitate to adopt a narrow attitude towards life. Youth all the world over is combining in organisations to act as channels for the force disimprisoned from the soul of youth to revitalise and rejuvenate the dead earth. It is to Youth that the older people look forward to with a radiant hope, to right the ills of the world, to atone for injustice, to offer joy to the poor, to overcome narrow domestic differences. To be young is to be full of joy, to be endowed with rare opportunities and specially at this transitional stage in our national life should we consider ourselves very fortunate indeed, for on us will fall the great and noble task of nation-building when our elders have fought and won freedom for India. Along what line India will be shaped, whether it be in accordance with her selfish interests, or in the general interest of all nations, the younger generation must decide. We see a world to-day, individualistic and competitive, with concrete mind as the cardinal factor in the lives of all people, to such an extent that selfishness, unfortunately, has become the keynote in every walk of life.

How can we realize the noble ideal enshrined in the last Madras Youth Conference? We can reach our goal by travelling stage by stage, by rendering all assistance to those who are poor and less fortunate than ourselves, by playing games in right spirit on the playgrounds of our schools and colleges, and by taking the fullest advantage of the associations located in different parts of the City of Madras. As we learn to serve the interests of our schools, associations, and localities in the city, the power of service and knowledge will grow from more to more; the more it is spread wide, the more will it flower in greater abundance of beauty and colour, and thus the joy for all.

There are many associations, hostels, schools and colleges in Madras, but unfortunately all of them seem to live in different water-tight compartments, without a thought for the welfare of another. To circumscribe life to a particular narrow area and to a set of people will, in the long run, deprive life of its richness and glory, a contribution which everyone should make sooner or later. We should as far as possible attend meetings of other hostels to take part in the debates of other schools and colleges, and to teach in night schools run by a few associations—thus will we be knitting up to a great extent the life of our city. In the work for a common cause we will learn to know human nature

better, to think more of the essentials and less of petty troubles, and to see the deeper truths of life rather than self-interests—so shall we grow together in an atmosphere of understanding and co-operation that will, in due time, awaken in us self-respect and respect for another person to whatever race, creed, sex, caste or colour he or she may belong.

The "League of Youth", Madras, has been the outcome of the last Madras Youth Conference, a central institution which, it is hoped, will bring the associations together in order to realise the object of our League, "Universal Brotherhood and Service". It is up to us to carry on our work quietly and yet courageously till success is ours

Patience and strength are what we need now that we may learn to qualify ourselves for the task of spreading the message of peace and hope in due time. We must learn to use what we already have, rightly and nobly, and at the same time to have an earnest discontent till we achieve that which we wish to be. To realise a noble ideal is difficult, but satisfaction does not lie in the realisation of it ; the incessant effort that is needed in the search is the supreme satisfaction the joy that is courage. We become great in seeking difficult objects, and nothing is worth working for, unless it cost us many a sacrifice. Oppositions, difficulties and obstacles will test our worth. If we are weak we will sink, and if we are strong and persistent we will do and achieve great things in life. Do we not know that magic power is hidden in youthful hearts ? Youth is the hope of the future, and will right the wrongs of this earth !

Vasumati : "Men are the most changeable creatures on Earth.

Lalita · "What makes you think that dear ?"

"Well, only a fortnight ago I was desperately in love with my Rao and now I simply cannot stand him".

He has courted Kamala ardently and when she accepted him, he went to his hostel full of joy. He felt he must write to her and next morning she received the following note .

Dearest Kamala,

I love you with all passion, the world has ever known. I would sacrifice everything for you. I would swim the deepest torrents, climb the Everestine peaks and go thro' valleys of Fire to be at your side.

P. S. I will come and see you on Saturday if it does not rain.

West End London Husband in Court.

My wife does not give me enough to eat Sir,

Wife : I wish you would sentence him to six months in the Zoo Sir. He has the appetite of a crocodile.

THE POSITION OF WOMAN UNDER ISLAM.

By Miss. M. A. Sharif Khan.

(*A Muslim Lady Student*)

It is generally assumed that the religious, legal, and social position of woman under Islam is one of extreme degradation. To take a particular instance, my learned sister, Srimati C. Gouri Devi, whose article, entitled " Our women of to-day " appeared in the first issue of the "Andhra Herald," while discussing at length the privileged position of woman under the venerable Vedas, penetrates into the realm of comparative theology, and remarks that the Koran is one of those scriptures which have made woman the scapegoat of all the crimes committed by man. Though this sweeping assertion may be regarded with disaffection, I, for myself, should sympathise with her position, for every one of us in the absence of correct information, should show a similar tendency, especially in an age when people persistently refuse to see any good in a religion other than that to which they owe their allegiance.

In considering the subject, which I have before me, I shall not dwell upon any controversial points, nor attempt at an elaborate account of who and what woman was under other dispensations; enough as it is to say that there is undoubted evidence of woman having been in the most humiliating social and moral subjection to man at the time when Arabia's great Prophet announced his mission to the World. In short, it was amidst this mental and intellectual darkness, and the corruptions and depravity of manners and morals, which enveloped the world on all sides, that Mohammad's genius codified a law, so perfect in its nature, so consistent with reason and propriety, so conducive to the health and prosperity of society, and so beneficial to matrimonial existence of both the parties interested.

We shall first consider the religious position of woman under Islam. The holy Koran is emphatically clear in crediting them with the possession of souls, consequent immortality, and enjoyment of joys of paradise, on equal terms with men.

Says the Koran :—

" Women are a garb unto you and you are a garb unto them "

" Women have rights similar to what their husbands have against them in a just manner."

" Men shall have the benefit of what they earn, and woman shall have the benefit of what they earn."

The Hadis or Traditional Sayings of the Prophet of Arabia, which I, in the interests of brevity, refrain from mentioning, throw a great deal of light on this fact. Says Lord Mohammed on women :—

" When a woman observes the five times of prayer, and fasts the month of Ramzan, and is chaste, and is not disobedient to her husband, then tell her to enter paradise by whichever door she likes." The unparalleled attitude of the Prophet towards his wives is in itself substantial proof that the slavish

subjection of woman, so generally identified with Islam, was neither preached nor practised by its founder. They shared with him not only this worldly life but also the spiritual bliss which surrounds a divine messenger. After his death, Aisha, his second wife, who was educated entirely by him, was by reason of her intimate association with the Prophet, looked upon as a supreme authority whenever difficulties arose respecting points of religion and law; a large portion of Hadisic literature emanated from her, and Mussalmans honoured her with the title of 'Prophetess' and 'Mother of the Faithful.' Could History give us one similar example? The great Gautama could not achieve the Nirvana in company with his wives. They were not admitted to the inner chamber of his spiritual heart. Nirvana was beyond question for woman. Christ, like Buddha, sets a personal example of disrespect and disregard for women, and encourages celibacy and monasticism.

And in every prayer, the one praying is enjoined to pray for the bestowal of divine mercy and grace equally on men and women. Women, being kept on an absolute par with men, are required to perform all the customary ordinances of Islam, such as the five daily prayers, observance of fasts, pilgrimage to Holy places, and all that is denoted and connoted by the term "Religious work". Girls as well as boys are taught prayers at the age of 7 and the coveted title of Hafiz is conferred on all women as well as men who have committed the whole of the Koran to memory. Invariably in every Muslim country there are thousands of girls, who are Hafiz; and every wealthy family possesses a lady chaplain, who expounds the Koran to the uneducated members of the household.

The above facts, besides indicating the position of women under the religious system of Islam, will suffice to disprove the charge which is usually laid at the doors of Islam that it regards woman as destitute of possessing soul. I shall now proceed to survey, in a very brief way, the legal position which women under Islam have occupied for the last 13 hundred years.

Woman passes through three distinct periods of her life. At one time, she is a daughter, at another time, a wife; and the third time, a mother. Any code of laws, if it is intended for the protection of women's liberties without subjecting her to the capricious attitude, at times adopted by man, the tyrant, must take upon itself the task of safeguarding her interests in every one of the stages of her life. As a daughter, she is empowered, under the Muhammadan Law, on the decease of her father, to inherit his property in common with her brothers, in a proportion determined by law, according to the number of his children. In the case of a married daughter, the fact that the father has already incurred the marriage expenses, which are proportionate to the social status of the contracting parties, does not impair or affect her right of inheritance. As a wife, she has the controlled possession and disposal both of wealth, which she owned before marriage and of that which may subsequently accrue to her. She has the legal capacity to inherit property without the intervention of the trustees and dispose of it during her life time or at her death as she pleases. The doctrine of Coverture, which has acted as a serious limitation upon the legal freedom of her sisters under other systems did not exist for her. She can sue

or be sued independently of her husband. In cases, where she appears in a court of law, either as a witness or to plead her own cause, she acquits herself most ably and eloquently in Muslim countries, where Koranic code is enforced in its pristine purity.

Marriage, under the Muhammadan Law, is a Civil contract, constituted by proposal on one side and acceptance on the other. The wife is entitled to obtain the dissolution of the marriage contract on the ground of her husband's ill-treatment, cruelty, desertion, and like causes. Being superficially viewed, man may seem to command better facilities in the matter of divorce; but the Muslim Code is extremely cautious in protecting the interests of woman against an arbitrary enforcement of this prerogative by certain sane regulations, one of which is Mahr or dower, a settlement in favour of the wife, made prior to the completion of the marriage contract in consideration of the marriage. The amount of the dower is fixed by law in accordance with the social position of the parties, and the liability of the husband to the dower acts as a serious restraint against his high-handed policy towards his wife. Next is the important question of the custody of the children, the solution of which, seems to give no less trouble to our modern law courts. I shall not, for want of space, attempt a detailed exposition of this problem, but only refer to the Fataua Alamgiri, which says "the woman is best entitled to the custody of her infant children during the connubial relationship as well as after its dissolution".

Having thus seen the legal position of the Muslim women, we must pause to judge whether the world has produced any legislator, whose solicitude for women's rights was greater than that of the founder of Islam. Manu, the grand old lawgiver of India, regards women as inherently evil, and advocates the view that she should be treated as a slave. Moses, though one of the greatest lawgivers of the world, failed to enfranchise women, and the very conception of women in the "Old Testament" is indeed very low. Let me remind my sisters in Christian countries, in all humility, that the legal rights which they enjoy at present, are a result of their own efforts and agitation. They owe their legal position not to Christianity but to the legislature, and to the slackening of the hold of the priests over the western societies and laws.

I shall now briefly examine the social position of a Muslim woman. From the random writings of some critics, Harem, the abode of a Muslim family would convey the idea of a detestable prison, all the female inmates of which are subjected to the tyranny of the master of the family. But, in reality, this private apartment is pervaded with the most cheerful atmosphere. The word 'harem' signifies a sacred inclosure, the same term being applied to the sanctuaries of Islam. It is a place free from every kind of intrusion, as is manifest from the fact that when the mistress has lady visitors, even the husband cannot enter the harem.

There is an erroneous belief that a Muslim woman has absolutely no occupation and that she passes her time in entire idleness. Let us take a true picture of the mistress of a Muslim house. She rises early in the morning, performs her prayers and reads a portion of the Holy Scriptures. Then begins the routine of daily life. She takes an interesting and active part in every detail of the house-keeping. The administration of the

household affairs is her exclusive concern. She functions in a responsible manner and the husband has no part in this matter except to feel glad on her judicious management. On occasions like feasts, marriages etc., she figures most prominently and in Muslim countries, where the shackles of the Purdah system do not confine her to the four walls of her residence, she pays calls, goes on shopping and takes walks. It must be noted that she plays a very important part in imparting elementary religious education to her children, both male and female. But this does not mean that she is regarded as an evil indispensable for the breeding of children and the maintaining of the family. Her cheif qualification is her chastity A superficial observer often imagines that the seclusion of Muslim women when at home within the precincts of the harem, and the concealment of their persons when abroad with veil and cloak, is the result of their degraded position. But this seclusion has been practised under certain social and economic conditions, and the chief among these conditions has been the neighbourhood of the people of an alien race.

Since the advent of Islam, instances are not wanting of highly cultivated and intellectual women, whose writings and sayings are eulogised by historians and biographers. Islam, bringing up women under conditions, religious, legal and social, narrated above, has produced many worthy daughters, who distinguished themselves in the fields of mystic piety, literature, philosophy, patriotism, and the art of Government.

DIRGE.

Sweet sparrows ! sing my dirge
When I may depart from this mirage
This life—Aye this sinful stage—
Adieu Adieu To this stage.

I float and fly o'er hill and dale,
I kiss in joy the green corn fields,
I roam o'er the rippling waters,
I shoot forth with heart as light into the air.

* The watery sheets up above
In shapes lovely and fierce
Must I pass my Father's feet to see
See ! Worship and cling—Cling with love Divine.

Men may talk good or evil of me,
But what care I when I am no more ;
As the lovely butterfly doth fly,
Free of calumny, so shall I.

' Shall leave the world of want and care
To those who can bear—
Toil and turmoil, calumny and contempt
" To me death is bliss."

A Dreamer.

In a Medical College, a professor in the course of his lecture on Physiology said that human body contains Sulphur.

A young lady student " How much sulphur is there in a girl's body ?

" That varies—"

" Oh I see ; That's why some of us make better matches than others."

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* An old superstition aye a firm belief that one should pass the clouds to reach the divine regions.—Hindus particularly are firm believers of this dogma.

KAMALA, OR THE UNACTIONABLE TORT.

A Short Story by Mr. T. A. Vaithianathan.

It was evening. The sun was setting among the hills of the west in all his greatness, glory, and grandeur. The western sky seemed gilded with gold. The tall towers, cathedrals, and spires were bidding good-bye to the Lord of Life, Energy, and Power. Nature seemed to blush as she took leave of her Lord. The distant sound of the striking of the hour of the Corporation clock stole over the clear evening twilight.

I was stretched in an easy chair in the most careless fashion on the terrace of our Hostel, looking idly at the clouds as they flitted past lazily one after the other as sometimes the University Training Corps recruits do in marching. The stars were coming out one by one to twinkle as so many bright diamonds over the azure sky. And the Moon, the Queen of the Night, sailed in lonely grandeur with the clouds trailing behind. I was buried in deep contemplation. The subject that engrossed my attention and enveloped my mind, was not the grandeur of nature, the glory of moonlight, the mystery of space, and the riddle of time. It was not the past glories, and the ancient greatness of India. It was not the present hopeless condition of the motherland, nor the future destiny of the country. It was not the condition of my countrymen in alien lands and foreign climates. It was not even the bugbear of the examination which the College authorities had kindly postponed. It was the thought of my wife—my little pretty child-wife—whom kind destiny had placed as the partner of my life, the sharer of my joys and sorrows, and the shareholder of my happiness and harmony in this world.

My mind runs back to that happiest day in my life, when I took her hand in mine before the assemblage of relatives, friends and well-wishers, as a symbol of that spiritual union from which according to the Hindu Shastras there could be no separation—my mind recalls the time when I tied the sacred thread around her little, dainty neck, a tie which implies and involves tremendous responsibilities, immense obligations, and gigantic duties, the one hundredth or the one thousandth part of which neither of us could have imagined, realised, or understood, in spite of the multifarious ceremonials, and incessant chanting of the sacred scriptures which perhaps only the officiating priest, and God alone could understand—which at least the principal contracting parties, viz., myself and my bride, could not have even by the utmost stretch of imagination comprehended, inasmuch as we were at the elementary stage of the educational curriculum, which is called in ordinary parlance, the alphabet. I had already finished learning the letters of the English and Tamil alphabets. I had even learnt to spell words, and write my own name in big capitals, sometimes as large and as round as my class teacher's pot-belly. Why, for the matter of that, I think I remember I was able to write letters to my good old grandfather in a manner and method, and with a diction and style that challenged the very fundamental basic principles of grammar, orthography, and etymology. But my wife—she was a mere child then—or to be more precise it was only a couple of years back that she had given up using the feeding-bottle—she was, I should think, within the

seventh letter of the alphabet. It was a perfect match indeed, a sight worthy of the gods and the angels—innocence tied in bonds of gold to innocence. Our minds were a blank—as blank as the answer papers of some students who think it beneath their dignity to take notice of anything called examination. We did not know what life was, and what life stood for. We did not understand why we were brought together, and made to catch hold of each other's hand. I had a vague idea that my wife was to be something like a servant to me, cleaning my slates, serving me my meals just as mother did, and coolly pocketting the insults and abuses which I would condescend to heap upon her for any dereliction of duty, with her head bowed, and her eyes downcast, as mother often used to do at father's constant explosions of anger. And probably my wife thought that I was married to her so that I may be a play-mate to her, assist her in her mock house-keeping, and officiate at the doll marriages.

Some seven or eight years had rolled by into eternity since, and Father Time had imperceptibly turned the hourglass up and down more than half-a-dozen times Life during these years had its own tragedies and comedies in our family. To make a long story short, there was a quarrel, and that a violent quarrel, very, between my father and my father-in law. In the last Great European War, even the Germans might have had some sympathetic feelings towards the Allies. But my father had none towards my wife's father. His heart was adamant, his words were fire, and his voice was thunder. His olympian wrath descended upon the unworthy head of my father-in-law on account of certain irregularities in the procedure adopted in the presentation of gifts. To be more plain, my dad was not satisfied with the value, weight and the volume of the gifts. For him these Montford concessions were something like a beggarly gift, more like a deliberate insult, most of all like a culpable crime fully amounting to wholesale murder of previous promises. My father and my father-in-law, said my relatives, were not on speaking terms. But I alone knew the pent-up feelings within my father's bosom—feelings for vengeance, for vindication of family dignity and family honour—feelings which would have made him catch my father-in-law by the tiny tuft of his hair, the component parts of which could be counted on one's fingers, and take him (provided, of course, the hairs did not come off meanwhile) two thousand and five hundred feet above sea-level, as the gigantic roc carried Sindbad the Sailor, and drop him from that dizzy height to understand and contemplate how Newton's Law of Gravitation worked. But I never sympathised with my father either in his philanthropic ideals or in his destructive programme My policy was one of non-co-operation with, and sometimes obstruction to, my father's methods, subject, of course, to the Swarajist proviso, that the policy should be changed according to the time, place and circumstance in each case. The time for responsive co operation with my father had not yet fully come. For I loved my father-in-law. Should I not? He was my wife's father. And I need hardly say that I loved my wife. What else is a wife for?

I was startled out of my reflections by the boom of the time-gun of Fort St. George. I hurriedly realised that I would be late for the meals, since it was 8 p.m. I ran down to the dining-hall hastily, mechanically took my meals, and went to my room. Everything

was dark inside. My room-mates were not to be found. The rogues had gone to the Cinema to see a Charlie Chaplin film, without mentioning even a word of it to me. Well, that didn't matter much. I opened the door, and switched on the light, and flung myself upon the arm-chair with a view to continue my previous reflections on my beloved.

Seven years had passed since I saw my wife. Now I think, she should have grown a little taller, perhaps a little smarter, and certainly a bit prettier. My eyes longed to see her, to behold her angelic form once again. But my father had often in person, and through letters, decreed against any idea of going to my wife's house till "that dirty rogue realised his folly, and on bended knees offered an apology." I appealed against this decree to my fond mother, but the appellate court referred the matter to the previous tribunal, and the result was that the original decree was confirmed. I could not disobey my father, because he was my father. But I very seriously wanted to go at any cost to my wife's house. I did not want to incur the displeasure of my father. At the same time, I did not like to sacrifice all my sacred feelings for the sake of an obstinate parent. So I remained like Buridan's ass when it stood transfixed between two bundles of hay.

Suddenly I remembered that I had in my trunk a photo of my wife, sent by my obliging father-in-law in those "pre-war days." So I opened my trunk, and took out the photo, before doing which I bolted the door to prevent curious eyes from prying into the sanctity of my pre-occupation. The photo was a little old, and some unkind white ants perhaps thought that the mount was intended as one of the delightful items of their menu. The same old eyes, the same old cheeks—and the same lips! I longed a thousand times to shake off all my unprincipled obedience to my father's mandatory orders and pack off to Nochieum to see the original of the photo. But all my enthusiasm and ecstasy stopped with doing two things—kissing and writing a letter. I think the photo would not in the least have felt the value and the significance of the sacred salutation, and my father-in-law could never have understood the eagerness and earnestness which were disguised in the prosaic epistle that required him to invite me home for the coming Deepavali.

A couple of days afterwards, I received an affectionate letter from my father-in-law, asking me to go over as early as possible to Nochieum for Deepavali. I was eagerly waiting for the day when I must start for my better-half's house. But the Fates intervened. The Principal issued a *Gazette de Collegium Extraordinarium* intimating that we would be examined within a few days in one or two subjects, and that the other examinations would take place afterwards as notified. My castle of dreams and my palace of fancies collapsed suddenly like a house of cards. The dull, dreary, humdrum work of mugging should be reluctantly begun. So I wrote with a great deal of disgust to my father-in-law regretting my inability to go over there as promised, as the examinations, like the Vindhya Ranges, had interposed between me and my better-half.

A week afterwards, I was surprised to find the postman delivering to me an envelope addressed in the familiar hand of my father-in-law. I was more agreeably surprised to find another notepaper within it written over in big Tamil characters. My wife—the dear little girl—had at last written to me! What

my father-in-law wrote became a matter of secondary consideration. I read my wife's letter, re-read it, again perused the contents, read it over and over again so many times that I almost learnt it by heart. If only I think I could bestow one hundredth part of this attention and zeal towards my class-studies, I have no doubt that I would become the presidency first in more than one subject in the University Examination, securing honours and distinctions in the others. The letter was short, pithy, beautiful, and to the point, in spite of the fact that there were only a dozen grammatical, orthographical, and idiotic—I mean idiomatic—errors The substance of the Tamil letter translated into literal English without losing much of its spirit would be: "You must come home at once for Deepavali without fail. Don't delay on any account." At the end of the letter was signed in a Deputy-Collector handwriting, "Your affectionate Kamala" I was in the seventh heaven of delight. If anybody had asked me at the time whether I was standing upon my head or upon my heels, I think I would not have given a correct answer. A letter from wife, and that when least expected! I thanked my stars and congratulated myself saying that I had that morning seen a very "auspicious" face after getting up from bed

To go or not to go was the question. Whether to leave the examination to its fate or not was the problem After deep contemplation, mute meditation, and calm cogitation, I realised that this was the first G O issued by the Home Department of my Petticoat Government If I was a non-cooperator or a Swarajist, I would probably have disobeyed the order But I was neither. I weighed all the pros and cons of the case, and came to the inevitable conclusion that the disobedience of the very first order would be fraught with dangerous consequences to the peace of the home, and the harmony of the hearth. Further did I not have an eager liking to go? By the time I came to entertain this conclusion, the Deepavali had come very near.

It was only two days previous to the important festival, (important especially to rich father-in-lawed sons-in law), that I started after hastily filing in the College office a medical certificate from a very obliging though not very scrupulous doctor, certifying that I was suffering from high fever To get my things packed was the work of a moment. The train journey was a very uninteresting piece of dull monotony. I intended that my visit should be a surprise to my father-in law and his people, and hence I did not inform them previously that I was coming. After alighting from the train at my destination, I engaged a single bullock-cart to carry me to, and deposit me at Nochieum. Horses were a rare commodity in the particular geographical region in which I got down. So I had to be satisfied with the favourite vehicle of Lord Shiva The bullock went very fast indeed considering its dimensions, and the vivid, outward, anatomical exhibition of its inward structure, which a Medical College student would find infinitely worth paying to study, because the methods of vivisection, dissection, and X rays etc., were extremely and entirely unnecessary. The proverbial tortoise in the hare-and-tortoise fable, would have perhaps gone faster than the bullock which was drawing me nearer and nearer to the home of my beloved. But my impatience had of course something to do with this state of things.

At last I reached home. My visit was a surprise, and an agreeable surprise too! My father-in-law was all smiles and tears as he

saw me, and embraced me as seriously and solemnly, and as tightly as if he was going to wrestle with me. His sister who was his house-keeper--for my mother-in-law, poor old soul! had resigned her seat in this world when she accepted the "Government" appointment of Death—welcomed me, grinning like a monkey all the while, and exhibiting her teeth to an unnecessary length as if for a dental examination. But I missed the face of one whom I was very anxious to see—Kamala. To my anxious enquiries, I was disappointed to learn that she was away from home on a visit to a relative's house whither she had gone to learn, it seems, some *kolams*, and *kolattams*, and get some coaching in her mathematical and historical studies. I learnt also that she would be coming home the next evening. I was glad to see that the little one was so precociously studious.

The one day seemed to pass as if it was a whole year. I was sitting in one of the rooms where my child wife was keeping all her toys and other things I could hear the temple bells as they rang for worship, and the *clink, clink* of the sheep-bells stole over the evening landscape and reached my ears, and seemed to fill my being with peace, calm, silence and solemnity. She would now have attained her tenth year, I thought. Would she have grown up in height and intelligence, or would she be the same, old, irritable, and spoilt child, as she was then? I could not say. Then being eager to know in what standard she was reading, and what books she was studying, I opened the drawer of her table, and to my infinite surprise found a cartload of crackers with all the paraphernalia of the other additional and supplementary items of a Deepavali celebration Suddenly I heard some noise of footsteps as of one running, and I heard a distant voice call "Kamala,—come here. I want to say something to you." I recognised the voice of my father-in-law's sister. My father-in law was out at the time as he had gone out for an airing in the fields. I heard a girlish voice replying, "Wait. I will come," in rather peremptory tones which I didn't like. Probably my father-in-law had petted and fondled his only child very much after her mother's death.

I was handling one or two of the crackers in the open drawer to see what they were like, when suddenly the door of the room opened with a bang, and in burst a small girl of ten, of attractive and arresting beauty, full of joy, life, energy and enthusiasm. I had no difficulty in recognising my own darling wife, Kamala. She was suddenly taken aback to see a young man in her room, meddling with her private property. With surprise, dignity, and anger in her voice, she asked, "*Dai*! Who are you?" A bolt from the blue could not have produced upon me as much astonishment and horror as those words. Not getting any reply, she called out "Father! father!! A boy is stealing away all my crackers!" Not getting any response from the outside, she called out to me, and said as if issuing an ultimatum of war, "Put those crackers down, and get out at once!" I was as one who heard it not. I did not know what to do. I realised that my wife had not recognised me, and I did not know how to conduct myself under those peculiar circumstances. I was about to introduce myself, when I saw a change come over Kamala's face. Her eyes shot forth fire, and her crimson lips quivered with insulted pride, and wounded dignity.

"Put down those crackers, you fool!" she thundered, and stooping down, and unloosing

her shoes, she heaved them and threw them at me with a velocity and a momentum that can only be compared to that of a champion in cricket-ball throwing. I winced, and turned myself a little, but I could not escape it. The Insignia of the Order of the Boot was conferred upon me on the occasion of the Deepavali celebrations. But little did I imagine that more was in store for me. Seeing the crackers still in my hands, she took hold of her slate, and aimed it at once towards the bony cavity that contains my brainy matter. I do not know whether she did this with a view to ascertain how those two solid bodies acted when they came into contact with each other, but certain it is that the hard slate broke up into a thousand splinters, giving me such a knock and a shock, and such a force and a noise on my head that I thought for the moment that the time-gun of Fort St. George had exploded very near my ears! A little later I felt that there was something hanging around my neck. It was the wooden frame of the little devil's slate! Before I could venture to remove it, one after another the little imp's books and her *kolattam* sticks flew towards me. Suddenly there was dead silence. I removed the slate frame. I looked around. The room was empty. The Xanthippe had gone. I looked up. The door was open. Ashamed, insulted, irritated, and enraged, I walked out of the house. Ashamed, insulted, irritated, and enraged, I got into the train. Ashamed, insulted, irritated, and enraged, I reached my hostel.

Surely, Veerasalingam Pantulu and others were right when they said that child marriage was not a good thing!

Two chance acquaintances before the Queen Mary's beach.

Gopalan: So your name is N R. Menon. How are you related to N. G. Menon of Presidency College?

N. R. Menon: Oh, very distant. I am the first son of my mother and I think he is the 14th.

Owner driving his car, after an accident in the Broadway centre.

Motorist: It's prepostorous. I am an expert driver. What I know about driving would fill a whole *book*.

Constable: And what you don't know would fill a *hospital*—your name and address?

A gentleman was confronted by a Hooligan (Ricshawallah) in the dark nooks of George Town.

"Hand over your money or I will pulp your brains" was the demand.

"You can even blow them out man" was the calm reply," you can live in Madras without *brains* but you must have *money*.

An English Lady witness in a court.

My family consists of a child, three fowls, two dogs and oh yes! I forget, my husband of course."

R.B.R.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

By Mr. V. N. Bhushan.

(*Student, Intermediate Class.*)

There are indeed very few people to-day who have not heard of Rabindranath Tagore, the sage of Shantiniketan As poet, novelist and playwright, as patriot, philosopher and prophet, and as reformer, seer and educationist, he has endeared himself to all people. But his chief title to fame rests upon his literary talents which have been appreciated by one and all both in the East and in the West.

Born in an illustrious family which has long been distinguished for its rich literary and artistic talents, and surrounded by men of varied capacities, young Tagore grew up to be a lover of literature, especially of poetry. He received most of his education not from the schools and colleges of Calcutta, but from his own dear home where his learned father Maharishi Debondranath Tagore and others encouraged and helped a great deal. Genius like character is largely due to environments. But to be sure, he was not a home-bred youth , he travelled along with his father to many places—almost over the whole of North India and thus came into contact with outside life. Later on he was sent by his father to Shileida, a small village on the banks of the Ganges, to look after the ancestral property. During his long stay of twenty years here, Tagore came into touch with the realities of human life. He entered with eagerness and enthusiasm into the intricate problems of rural life and began to love the village people and their life. Above all, he loved the simple and unostentatious folk-songs which had made a deep impress upon his mind and enhanced his poetic vision. It is these early experiences of his that have provided illuminating themes to so many of his interesting works. In fact Tagore believes that to labour is to love because He is there with the 'Tiller' and the 'Path-maker' in sun and shower.

He writes poetry, one-act plays, novels and short stories, 'which remain as the classic pictures of the Bengal of his time.' He treats about village life and its pleasures, current social and political questions and manners and customs and does not hesitate to give the humblest pictures of life, though he incidentally brings in Gods, heroes and kings.

The name of Rabindranath Tagore was not known to the West till 1912, though he made his debut as writer towards 1880. In that year the Poet published 'Gitanjali'—'that exquisite book of mysticism'—which at once raised him to the rank of a first-rate poet. It came as a new discovery in English Literature and it carried its own message. Its success was marvellous. The work was praised as exceptional ; it is so thought compelling and soul-vivifying. "Thus the recognition of the Indian poet," writes Mr. Andrews, "was spontaneous and universal." Sure enough, this work gave Tagore an abiding place in English Literature. 'Gitanjali' observes Dr. Cousins 'presents a coherent view of the life of humanity and its relationship with the universe which may, I think, be regarded as the poet's message to the world.'

But in earlier days his own countrymen in Bengal misunderstood and misrepresented him. His writings were not liked by the majority of the people, because he had made a departure in the realms of Thought and Poetry. That was why the Calcutta University refused to make him a Doctor of Literature, six years before he was awarded the Nobel Prize, when the late Sir Ashutosh Mukerji proposed it. But when the Swedish judges awarded the Nobel literature prize for Tagore, "the Calcutta University 'sublimely' followed with a doctorate which the poet 'demurely' accepted." He is essentially a nature-poet. Writes Mrs. Sarojini. 'The beauty born of the murmuring sound of Bengal forests, of those green fields and wide rivers and the dark July clouds of Bengal had been transmitted into the glory and scenery of Rabindranath's poetry.' He has made a departure in his verse, and does not follow the old style of poetry such as metrical verse and rhyming lines, but writes in his own inimitable rythmical muse which is mostly lyrical.

"Tagore's plays" writes Louis Gillet, the celebrated French critic, "are the outcome of the poet's vacant moments They take a national shape. Beside the social and problem plays he resumes his connection with the classical tradition, that is to say with the superior kind of *rupakas* where poetry constitutes the chief element of the drama."

The dominant note in his poetry is life. All through his poetry one increasing purpose runs—that of an unwearied search after truth. He has brought us back the message that spirit alone is pre-eminently essential, and all else confusion His religious teachings came as a revelation to the West 'which has lost its moral fibre' and also to the East which was beginning to copy the West.

He has but few equals in English literature. "His affinities in English literature", wrote the learned doctor of Tokyo, "are Hubert and Vaughan and Crashaw, and among the living poets the seer-singer of the Irish Renaissance, AE (George Russel) and the highland and mystic singer James MacBeth Bain. In his love of natural scenery, love of moonlight, of rivers and forests, Tagore somewhat resembles Matthew Arnold.

Almost all his works are translated into different languages and widely appreciated. His plays are popular and are frequently staged. He has said much but has written more, and propably a whole life-time is hardly sufficient to carefully read and completely understand all that he has written and recorded.

He is a patriot too—but not in the sense of a professional politician. When the Partition agitation spread like wild fire, Rabindranath was the first to throw himself into the struggle. He fought with manly vigour and daring audacity and his eloquence was celebrated in those days. But when he perceived that the movement tended towards war and violence he gave it up and took to his poetry.

Again, when the Punjab atrocities were perpetrated, Rabindranth was the first to raise his voice in protest. He even went to the extent of surrendering the Knighthood conferred upon him in 1914. But when the Non-co-operation movement was started, he gradually dropped out because he differed from some of the doctrines and ideals of Mahatma Gandhi.

He believes that India cannot get her freedom either through charka or through non-co-operation. He believes that India has something to give to the world while she herself must adopt and assimilate what is best in others. He says, " No country to-day can live segregated. And until we, Indians, find our true place in this great world, we shall remain obscure and neglected and there is no chance of our real civilisation asserting itself in our life and making its contribution to world unity " Each country has its own heaven-ordained duty and in trying to discharge that duty, it must co-operate with others. He sees a grand vision of world unity. Each country has to play its part in helping the world in her present situation to occupy a respectable place in the reconstruction of civilisation. He wants the various countries to join together in friendliness and co-operation " Until and unless,' writes Dr. Tagore, "all the races of the world become fully conscious of their unity, the unity of the interests and culture, there can be no lasting peace."

It is with this intention in view that he has started the Viswabharati. The nucleus of this great International University was the school which he founded several years ago at Shantiniketan, a place two miles from Bolpur, to which the Maharishi his father resorted for prayer and meditation. It was started with the intention of promoting and encouraging national education. The pupils move freely and delightfully. The classes are held under the cooling shades of the spreading trees. The students are left to mould their own lives and characters. Truly, Nature is their sole friend, philosopher and guide. The day begins and ends with prayers. The aim of the poet in his own words is that 'his school should be a religious retreat where boys are bidden to realise man's world as God's kingdom to whose citizenship they have to aspire.'

The Shantiniketan school was primarily intended for boys and girls. But now the poet thought that Shantiniketan should be a place, of peace not only for little children but for men of every country So from 1919 the poet set himself to this task. He has travelled all over the world carrying the message of peace and has been listened to everywhere with rapt attention. Every country regards him as the Apostle of Peace and looks up to him as the Saviour. He has been received by the foreigners as a great spiritual personality from whom the world has yet to learn a great deal His object is to bring about a true meeting of the East and the West free from prejudice of race or religion, creed or caste He wants 'to seek to realise in a common fellowship of study, the meeting of East and West and thus ultimately to strengthen the fundamental conditions of world peace, through the free communication of ideas between the two hemispheres.'

It is his firm conviction that Viswabharati will draw to it those who believe in the great ideals of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. This grand plan of the poet has been applauded by all and welcomed as a great factor in promoting international peace and good-will. Already men of varied capacity have flocked to the poet's ashram to learn from him, and to give to other what they know. There are at Viswabharati scholars and workers and students and teachers from all parts of the world who mingle together in friendly co-operation and mutual fellowship in a common search for truth. 'Through the Viswabharati',

observed the poet in an interview, 'I endeavour to give expression to the truth of the indivisible entity of the human race.' He has sown the seed on our blessed soil and it is for earnest and sincere men to succour and sustain it.

Thus, an unknown place near Bolpur, which by chance became the religious retreat of the Maharishi, has now in the hands of the poet become the seat of a great International University of World Unity. This is indeed the great gift of Rabindranath to the world. 'This institution', he declared on one occasion, 'is going to be my last gift to my nation and I hope it will be accepted.'

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore now wears upon his venerable forehead the crowning snows of seven and sixty winters. With his loose silk or satin gown and luxuriant silver beard, he looks the picture of a holy rishi of yore. From the cradle his life has been one of stress and strife—an unwearied race in quest of the Divine spirit. Indeed, there is something divine in him which has been illuminating the whole world with its brightening radiance.

A gentleman who has an ass for sale to his friend—" When you want an ass, don't forget me."—

Child · P ipa, what's a king ?

Papa : A king, my child, is a person whose authority is practically unlimited, whose word is law, and whom we all obey."

Child : "Is mamma therefore a king"? —*Pratler.*

Gentleman to a bus-driver on the Mylapore-Adyar Road " Would you mind driving a little slower, man ?"

" Not getting scared, Are you ?"

" Oh no ! nothing like that, but I would hate to take an unfair advantage of my Life Insurance Company."

A comic actor is questioned by the opposing counsel in a suit for slander :

Counsel : " You are an actor I believe ?"

Actor · " Yes."

Counsel : " Is that not a low calling ?"

Actor : " I don't know, but it's so much better than my father's."

Counsel : What was your father's calling, may I ask ?

Actor : " He was a *lawyer.*" *R.B.R.*

MERITS OF LAWN TENNIS GAME

By Mr. C. Ramaswamy M.A. (Cantab)

(*Cambridge Blue and International*).

In order that we may understand the merits of Lawn Tennis we should contrast it with other games. In cricket for example, and in many other branches of athletics, we have the advantage of open air in the country; but cricket involves a great deal of waiting. Rowing scarcely exercises the two sides of the body independently and is apt to be too monotonous ; it does not encourage prompt change of action and it is largely an exercise of strain. Running and Track-Athletics are apt to be monotonous. Golf is expensive of time as well as money. Hockey, Rugby, and Foot-ball are only games fit for youngsters and they are apt to be dangerous.

Lawn Tennis should be considered in early life as supplementary to ordinary games. Later on, i.e., after the school days, it may be taken up as a special hobby. But Lawn Tennis may also be specialised from early life, if international honours are aspired.

In spite of what is admitted in actual practice, the fallacy still crops up from time to time in the writings and sayings of those who are not themselves athletic that games have at the most three main functions, the first being to increase the size of the muscles, the second to serve as a change from work, the third to encourage frivolity. One cannot induce the average professor in Germany to realise that there is any distinction between Games and Gymnastics, nor an old Indian Pandit to think that there is any difference between playing games and mere loafing and wasting time.

It must be granted, however, that Lawn Tennis is expensive. The courts, rackets, and balls do much account for the costliness of the game The advantages of the game would be far greater if the game was cheaper, if there were more courts and lastly if the game was practised rightly—if the players could be content to spend more time in the apprenticeship for play.

Tennis is a game which could be played in great cities as well as in moffusil towns. It can also be played throughout the year. Besides it is easier to get a single opponent than to get a team for Cricket, Foot-ball or Hockey.

Looking at the aesthetic side, we see at once that Tennis developes grace. There are few more beautiful sights than the play of William Tilden, Maenal Alonso, or Suzanne Lenglen. Lawn Tennis improves the carriage and gives it the appearance of Self-control and Self-directi n. It trains the eye, the ear and the touch If we take the other meaning of the word "aesthetic," we cannot deny that they give intense enjoyment. The enjoyment of certain strokes, such as the *Top Spin* drive and good *Spin* service, can scarcely be equalled.

Competition is the breath and soul of a sportsman. By competition in games he can get rid of his bad temper far more profitably than in any other way. This game supplies a motive for healthiness. We do not need to be encouraged to play this game by offer of prizes. In it there is enough inducement to most of us. In Lawn Tennis we gain skill in *placing* and accuracy in *timing* the ball; we learn to be rapid and prompt, to move

with alertness which may stand us in good stead on a path or road, or, indeed, for any occasion when presence of mind and control of body are essential. It exercises endurance, balance, and a certain amount of strength.

With regard to intellectual advantages, we may mention in the first place, that the players have included many men of great culture. Selecting a few at random from our own time, we have in England, Lord Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Hardy, the famous mathematician. It would be easy to enlarge the list The game does not produce the sleepy feeling that follows many of the more violent forms of exercise It should improve the memory and the power of independent thought and foresight—that power which we have to employ when we play with a view to two or three strokes ahead. We have to adapt ourselves quickly to new conditions, to use our head to think promptly and promptly turn the thought into action, for here the body carries out the idea immediately. This is rarely the case in so-called education, which to a large extent deals with words rather than with ideas which should be evolved into realities. The player has to decide in a moment whether he shall volley a ball or leave it to bounce, he has to decide and to act; according to the success or failure of his first attempt he can be guided in his second attempt.

After his stroke he has to return to his balance and poise. This is valuable in its effect on character—this return to position after excitement. Throughout the play there is an opportunity for resource and originality with this self-activity, there is a certain amount of imitation of the best models, a vast amount of obedience to law and etiquette.

Not the least advantage of this game is that such qualities are developed for the most part unconsciously. Thus the player exercises his memory without thinking of his memory. He does not give too much morbid care to the game although he might with advantage give considerably more care than he does to his preparation for it; for he would find that the things which he practises would soon become mechanical and that then he would be able to devote his attention to tactics and hard play. And, while he is taking care, he would be disciplining himself and acquiring a valuable general method of self-improvement.

The effect upon the character and morals is obvious. It is a game in which a considerable amount is left to the honour of the players It is possible to cheat and to baulk the opponent, but one seldom sees this in play. There is rather a tendency towards self-sacrifice. Among the other qualities encouraged are pluck, coolness and self-control.

The social value is not inconsiderable. This is a game for gentlemen. It is not only social in its effects, but is or ought to be, national and international. It is by friendly intercourse in games that we can best learn to understand foreigners. Their language in words may be hard to tackle: but in game there is little need for words.

The economical value arises partly from the social value. In the court may be formed useful friendships. The game should give one renewed power to work with the brain. The qualities which it encourages—self-discipline, the power to bear defeat, the adherence to laws of honour, the resource, the foresight, the originality—all these should have their counterparts in daily life. The doubles game will give one the power of combination with others, a power becoming more and more important in life every year.

HISTORY OF INDIAN COTTON INDUSTRY.

I

The cotton industry is generally spoken of as the most outstanding feature of the national life of India in the past. The paucity of the indigenous historical material on the subject is to be accounted, apart from other reasons, by the very universal character of the industry, the arts of spinning and weaving being from the early times too common-place features of Indian domestic life, as much as, the art of cooking, to attract the attention of any native writers. It is only in the stray and scanty records of foreign travellers, such as a Magasthanes or a Fahein, a Huen Tsang, or an Albernui, a Bernier or a Tavernier, who were attracted by the high standard of efficiency and workmanship, peculiar to the genius of Indian craftsmen, that we find any evidence of the nature of her trade and the quality and excellence of her arts. To go back to the very earliest beginnings of the cotton industry, we have only to rely upon the incidental references and familiar allusions and usages in the ancient writings, which in unequivocal terms give us an idea of the antiquity of the great industry.

It is conceded by all writers on the subject, that cotton is an indigenous plant of India, whence it began to serve mankind. Though the uncertain nature of the Indian chronology prevents us from ever guessing at the period when it was first employed, there is little doubt that it must have been so from the earliest stages of Hindu civilisation ; for being indigenous in the country it could not have failed, for long, to be noticed by its inhabitants. So that long before the world had known the sway of Caesar, long before even the age of Pericles cotton is spoken of in such a way in the Institutes of Manu (about 800. B. C.) as to indicate that it must have been for centuries in familiar use by the inhabitants. Cotton and cotton clothes are mentioned by the Sanskrit names *kurpasa* and *kurpasam*. It is declared that the sacrificial thread of a Brahman must be made of cotton and as punishment for theft of cotton thread, that a fine three times the value of the article stolen shall be imposed. That cotton was employed at a very early period is also evident from the Indian name for cotton *karpas* occuring in the book of Esther (ch. I—V. 6), In the account of the hangings in the court of the Persian palace at Shusan, on the occasion of the great feast. In Book IV of the same institutes we have evidence of minute attention paid by the Hindus to the mechanical arts and of the antiquity of the process of starching, for it is directed " Let a weaver who has received ten palas of cotton thread give them back increased to eleven in the rice water and the like used in weaving". The process of starching has a still higher antiquity for in the first book of Rigveda, (hymn 105) occurs the following expression " Cares consume me Satakratu, although thy worshipper, as a rat gnaws a weaver's threads', and the rat's temptation is to be explained to the starch in which the threads have been steeped to improve their tenacity. This passage dates in all probability at least fifteen centuries before Christ. There are many references in the Rigveda, the oldest of written records, which testify to the fact that the art of weaving was much in vogue in the Vedic period. Thus in the hymns of 'Day and Night,' we read like " two famous female weavers interwining the extended threads " ; also of the fathers who wove and placed the warp and woof " ; that " night enwraps the

world like a woman weaving a garment." Similarly one hymn refers to Agni for light regarding the mysteries of sacrifice but the language used is that of weaving: "I knew not the warp and woof; I knew not the web they weave." (VI ix 2).

While cotton plant and cotton fabrics were so familiar to the people living to the East of Indus for centuries together, let us see how far it was a factor in the knowledge of the countries outside, from the writings of the travellers and chroniclers of the ancient world. The father of history, Herodotus, in whose writings we find the earliest reference available, speaks in his account of India [1]: "certain wild trees there bear wool instead of fruit, that in beauty and quality excels that of sheep; and the Indians make their clothing from these trees." He mentions that the cuirass sent by Amasis, King of Egypt to Sparta, was "adorned with gold and with fleeces from trees"; and "both the cotton and gold work" says Dr. Royle[2] "were probably imported from India, as indigo was from Barbarika on the Indus into Egypt." In the Indika of Ktesias (398 B. C.), a royal physician of Persia and a contemporary of Herodotus, we have got similar references and though the work for other accounts is considered to be full of old wives' tales not to be trusted' we need not doubt the veracity of his remarks as regards cotton and costumes. He also says[3] that "there are trees in India which grow wool" and speaks of "garments produced by trees" which can only mean cotton garments. Subsequent to the expedition of Alexander in India information is more precise. Theophrastus describes the trees from which the Indians make clothes as "having a leaf like that of the black mulberry, the whole plant resembling the dog-rose. They set them in plains arranged in rows, so as to look like wines from at a distance." Nearchus described the natives as having garments made with this tree-wool "which reached to the middle of the leg, a sheet folded about the shoulders, and a turban rolled round the head," a description which is applicable to a great extent even at the present day. These writings show, that the Greeks were acquainted only with wool and exhibit their ignorance of the plant and culture of cotton.

The author of the 'Periplus of the Erythrian Sea', himself a merchant, who probably lived iu the first or second century A D. is the first who mentions cotton goods as articles of commerce. He describes Arab traders as bringing much to Aduli, a port of Red Sea and that a trade was established with Patiala, Ariaka and Bargauza, the great emporium on the river Narboda, the modern Broach. This used to export on a large scale *karpasus* and the fine Indian clothes made with it." Goods werc brought there from Tagara across high grounds. 'Periplus' also speaks that from the city of Ozone (modern Ujjain) was "brought down to Bargauza, every commodity for the supply of the country and for export to our own markets—onyx-stones, percelain, fine muslins, mellow-coloured muslins, and no small quantity of ordinary cottons." Indian muslins of every description seric, aud dyed of a mellow colour were exported from "Bargauza to Egypt, these called *monakhe* being the finest and the best, and another sort called the *sagmotogene*· i. e., coarse cotton unfit for spinning, and used for stuffiing beds, cushions etc., were exported to Arabia and Barbarine markets. Commenting on the trade of Barbarikan a port at the mouth of Indus, Pro.

(1) Book III 606.

(2) The Arts and manufacturers of India.

(3) Fragment XIV Page 53.

Mc'Crindle says "the trade of their country must have been very lucrative to the merchantas appears by the presents necessary to ensure his protection—plate, musical instruments, handsome gifts for the harem, the best wine, plain clothes of high price and the finest perfumes. The profits of trade must therefore have been great, but if Pliny's account be true, that every pound laid out in India produced a hundred at Rome, greater exactions than these might easily have been supported" In the interior of the Deccan, the 'Periplus' places two great seats of commerce, Paithana and Tagara, (Junnar) and he tells us that from Tagara ordinary cottons in abundance, many sorts of muslin, mellow-coloured cottons, and other articles of local production were brought into it from the port along the coast, and were carried down on waggons to Bargauza. He then enumerates a number of less important emporia with a local trade. Besides he also mentions some more ports of great commercial importance in the south, Kamara, (Kaveripatam) Podauka, (Puducheri) and Sopatna. Near Masalia, on the east coast, identified with the modern Masulipatam, immense quantities of fine muslins are manufactured and it was one of the important export centres of India from time immemorial. And the mart Gangi, on the river Ganges has very considerable traffic in "the finest of all muslins—these called the Gangeti." Thus the muslins of Decca also seems to have been well-known as they are described as being superior to all others, and were called ***Gangetiki*** by the Greeks from being produced, on the banks of the Ganges. Cotton goods obtained by the Red Sea were imported into Egypt and Antony's army is described as "Vix leve *carbasum* vintade sole tolerantes." From Egypt and Arabia Indian cotton goods found their way into the Roman empire. Pliny gives us an account of the trade-routes from India to the western countries, through which her commodities were transported into the various parts of the Roman empire.

The above evidence from the writings of foreign travellers in India bears testimony to the fact that she was from the earliest of times the chief cotton-producing agency, fomous for her fabrics and muslins, which were in constant demand by the civilized countries in the ancient world. She set the standard of civilization for her neighbours and tens of thousands of navigators of the ancient world were constantly seen on her shores, braving the dangers of the unknown seas, the cyclonic monsoons and the inroads of pirates, in search of her "golden fleece". Her cotton trade assumed an international importance and we find historians speaking of Indian trade as the most outstanding source of drainage of the wealth of the Roman Empire From ought we learn from Pliny and Periplus we hear that "companies of archers were carried on board the vessals, as the seas were greatly infested with pirates," [1] thus anticipating the armed traders of I6th and 17th centuries. Pliny speaks of the drain in the following terms: "In no year does India drain our empire of less than five hundred and fifty millions of sesterces[2] giving back her own wares in exchange, which are sold among us at fully one hundred times their prime cost."[3]

Accordingly we find that the volume of Indian cotton-trade was immense and that it was the most stupendous factor in the ancient commercial world. She was the greatest emporium and Primary distributor of cotton fabrics and muslins in the ancient days.

To be continued.

1 Pliny; Natural History Vol III. 2 The amount is estimated to amount £1,400,000 in English coin. 3 Pliny Book VI. Chapter xxvi, page 63.

COLLEGE INTELLIGENCE.

Law College.

The long expected Law College Magazine has come out at last and is a great success well commended by all the local papers. Though it disappointed some who hoped rather very high, it is really creditable that under the pressing circumstances the editors were able to get up the first issue to its present level. Our Moot Club is certainly not mute. Interesting cases are taken up when the lawyers in embryo take sides with the defendant or the plaintiff, the accusor or the accused and after a free and open discussion the decisions are recorded by the majority of the votes taken from those present. It is not to be wondered if a Norton or a Choudary were to evolve out of these Moot Club debates.

Mr. Chenchayya has become immensely popular and his lectures on contracts are always well attended. His ready wit, clear understanding and lucid exposition make his lectures interesting and useful. The U. T. C. recruits passing-out examination is over and Capt. Maxwell Lawford has ordered about a dozen to be in the " rear guard" while the rest are allowed to proceed to the Front for Musketry. It is expected that those that are now detained, will be again examined in a month or two to be allowed to join their comrades in arms, so that before long, the unhealthy denomination of a recruit may not be applied to any one in our company. Mr. Venkataswamy, our Foot-Ball captain deserves congratulations for having won over Royapuram Medicos, Engineering and Xian Colleges with a leading score. Our Hockey is not far back having only minus three points as score. The innocent exuberations of enthusiasm of the students for their professors during the last two or three months which was unpleasantly misconstrued and made much of by some of our local newspapers who found a very good opportunity of filling up their blank columns, seem to have been chilled, what with the unnecessary interference of the public in our domestic life and what with the severe cold weather. We had a delightful and homely function when our representatives were " At Home" to our staff, thereby showing to the meddling and officious public that we are all a very happy and united family. R. B. R.

Madras Medical College.

The Andhra element in the Madras Medical College is not quite satisfactory. Out of the 400 students studying here, it might be said that there are less than 50 Andhra students. We are progressing on tolerably well.

All these years we never had Andhra lady students. But we are glad to inform the public that this year we have two Andhra ladies in the first year class and we hope that in future we will have many more. There are very few Andhra students in our U. T. C. but we are glad that our Sergeant Major, Mr. Hanumantha Row is an Andhra. D. G.

Women's Christian College.

The Women's Christian College building is situated in Numgambakam in the College Road. There is a hostel, a beautiful chapel, and St. Christopher's Training College in the same compound. The chapel is recently built through a large gift given by an unknown American lady. A separate building for science students is built and was opened quite recently in last October. This is one of the magnificent buildings in our college compound.

The strength of the college is about 150. Our Principal, Miss. McDougal has gone to England, and Miss. Coon, the Vice Principal, is now in charge of our college All the members of the staff are well versed in Western culture. Mr. S V. Ranga Charlu is our Telugu Pandit.

Societies.

The Women's Christian College is an institution which calls every student to active service. Besides many college activities, social work in the Baby Welfare centres has been progressing greatly, from year before last. Miss. C. McNair, one of our professors is rendering most valuable services to this work as the advisory member of the committee along with some of the students. The students supervise the nurses in charge. This work is done in the morning by the students interested in this work.

There are other societies in the college, namely Debating society, Historical society, Dramatic society, Musical society, the Art club, the Star club and Games club.

There are 20 Andhra students in our college this year. There are 10 in class I, 5 in class II, 3 in class III, and only 2 in class IV.

P. SESHU BAI—*B. A. Class*

The Madras Christian College.

A special feature which distinguishes this college from the rest, is the close intimacy between the professors and the pupils, reminding one, of the Gurukula of ancient India. Partly by the "At Homes" which bring together the various communities into happy fellowship and partly by the Hostel system, vigorous corporate life is being promoted. To mention only two out of the many instances illustrating this spirit of co-operation, there is the First Student's Home, where the Tamilian students have elected two of their Andhra brethern as their representatives in the managing committee and the Second Students, Home where Mr. N. N. Sarma, an Andhra, has been unanimously elected as a representative of the Kanarese section. The College Brotherhood has blended harmoniously in its activities both the material and spiritual aspects of life—from selling second hand books or arranging excursions to Red Hills to visiting hospitals and conducting night schools. Under the auspices of the Andhra Bhashabhi Ranjani Sangham, Mr. D. V. Krishna Sastri, B.A., "Sahithi Samithi" gave a reading of his poems, a few specimen of the famous *yenki* songs, and a representative poem of each of the modern Telugu poetry. The college Radio-Wireless club has proved beyond doubt, that distance is no barrier to sound and in its quiet, beautiful room students can hear the Governor's band, music from Calcutta or indistinct voices from strange ships at sea. Great enthusiasm, of course, prevails with regard to the U. T .C. and sports

V. L. N. R.
III (Hons.) Class.

Presidency College.

This time, our Samaj has enacted "Roshanara" under the patronage of Sir K. V. Reddy Naidu Garu by skilfully reorganizing the whole play. Though cut down a bit, the play has maintained its usual excellence. An ordinary meeting of the Samaj was held when Mr. Achanna Pantulu (iv Hons) spoke on the "development of Telugu Prose" when he swept the whole field so thoroughly that the president, Sir K V. Reddy was amazed at the rapid progress of the coming generation. A lively discussion followed. Another meeting was held when Mr. S. Lingiah pleaded for music

in the Drama with his torrentious eloquence. In fine, the Telugu circles are very blithe and active.

The Rajahmundry Arts College.

Mr. I. S. Peter, Assistant Lecturer in English and Vice-President M. Y. M. L. Association has been transferred during this term to the Presidency College, Madras, and Mr. Mukkavalli Suryanarayana is now once again amidst us. The Cosmopolitan Association recently started with the object of fostering brotherhood and effacing the communal feeling and party spirit, is doing steady work with the kind co-operation of some gentlemen of the Rajahmundry town. The Co-operative Stores attached to the college managed by students did efficient and good work.

Under the auspicies of the Mathematics and Science Associations of the college, a party of nearly 40 students went on an excursion to the Samalkot Sugar Factory, under the kind guidance of Mr. P. A Narayana Ayyar the Lecturer in Chemistry A party of students is leaving on a tour to Kondapalli, Bezwada and Vengi, places of historical interest. Mr. R Subba Rao, Assistant Lecturer in history, has kindly undertaken to take them round.

The opening number of the Rajahmundry Arts College Magazine came out in October of this year and it is hoped that this new venture receives all the help it deserves and meets with complete success.

The college took part in many tournaments and won credit by carrying away almost all the trophies. It is contemplated to send the college teams to take part in the tournaments to be shortly held in Madras.

One thing worth mentioning about our Metcalfe Hostel is that a separate non-brahmin kitchen has been opened for the first time during this term and the non-brahmin members of the hostel feel happier on that account

We congratulate Mr Patri Seshagiri Rao an old student of this college, upon his coming out first in first class in the recent, M. Com. exam. of the Calcutta University.

A Student.

P. R. College, Cocanada,

The present term opened for us with uncommon gladness all round. On the eve of the Dasara recess, the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy had been conferred by the Calcutta University upon our Principal, M. R Ry. V. Rama Krishna Rao Garu, M.A., L.T., and the welcome intelligence had been received with acclamation alike by the staff and the students

The Debating Societies, known as the 'Excelsior' Societies, have kept up their work systematically.

A new batch of scouts was taken in hand for training at the commencement of the term Also, the 'First Aid' Classes having lately completed the course begun last term under the Assistant to the Local District Medical Officer. The final examination was held by the District Medical Officer on 17—12—25 for the boys so trained.

The Annual Sports are now going on ; also the elocution competitions and versification contests.

A qualified weaving instructor has just been appointed and a weaving section is being organised in connection with the Vocational Training Scheme sanctioned by Government.

The social gatherings held by the Principal to meet the College classes in small groups have continued this term to make a special feature of our academic life in this

institution. The Inter Senior members have so far had their turns, which are to be followed by those for the Junior Inter after Christmas.

M. SIVARAMAYYA,
(Student, Inter Senior.)

A. E. L. M. College.

There is a literary association in our college which has got some years of existence behind it. Students are taking great interest in the proceedings of the association There is another noteworthy feature which cannot be omitted. The college has a hostel attached to it where decent lodgings and other conveniences are provided and the college authorities should in this connexion be congratulated upon their taking every precaution to look after the interests of the students residing in the hostel.

Football, Hockey, Badminton and other games are played in the college grounds. The college produced tolerable results last year in the University Examination. I hope that in the very near future the college will stand on a par with other sister colleges in the metropolis.

K. V. R.
Inter Senior.

Maharajah's College, Vizayanagaram.

The anniversary of our literary association was celebrated with M.R.Ry. A. Satyanarayana Garu, M.A., Private Secretary to the Maharajah, in the chair. The most interesting item of the programme was a debate between B.A. junior and senior students on 'Should women take part in public activities' when Mr. J. Sivarama Sastry gave an excellent speech for which he was awarded the first prize. Prizes were also given for English essay writing, Telugu essay writing, Telugu versification and English elocution. A special lecture was delivered by Dr. B. Seshagiri Rao, President of the Research University on the beneficial Moslem Influence in the Andhra country Under the able guidance of our Telugu Pandit Kaviraj Malladi Visvanadha Sarma Garu, select scenes from five dramas were enacted which were very much appreciated by the large audience present. The function was a great success greatly due to the able guidance and inspiration of our Principal, and the Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Ramaswami Iyengar and Subbaraya Bhat.

A Student.

The Queen Mary's College.

The most outstanding event within the arena of the extra-collegiate activities of the college was the celebration of the "College Day" which came on simultaneously with the University Convocation. The important aspect of this function is that it affords an opportunity to the past and present students alike to come together under the auspices of their *Alma Mater*.

The Literary Society was active as usual in its professed aim to tutor and train its members in the arts of speech and debate. Our magazine, this time, has a rich fund of liveliness and is free from that dulness which characterises most of our contemporaries. Likewise, the Dramatic Society was not inactive It staged two dramas: and Lala Rukh, one of the two, was a tremendous success. To add to this, there was also a Variety Entertainment which brought our dramatic activities of the year to a successful termination.

The Games Club, like its sister institutions, has had a glorious career. Our Basket Ball team met the Y. W. C. A. and though the game was a hard-fought one, the laurels went to our College.

A Student.

As the reports of the other Colleges have not been received in time we regret our inability to publish them in this issue.

ANDHRA STUDENTS UNION, MADRAS.

As soon we returned from Dasara holidays the members of the Union expressed a desire to have a few meetings under the auspices of the association. Accordingly a meeting of the executive was called for and Rs 25 were sanctioned to conduct 5 periodical meetings A programme of lectures was arranged and printed copies of it were given to every individual member of the Union. The presidents with whom we had an opportunity to meet and discuss are Mr. S. Satyamurthi, B.A., B.L., who spoke upon 'Compulsory military training for University Students', Mrs. Ferguson who delivered a lecture on 'Nationalism and Untouchability' and M. R. Ry P. Chenchiah Garu who gave us an interesting lecture on 'What part can students play in the building up of national life?' We are not only greatly thankful to them for the interesting, eloquent and illuminating speeches they gave us, but also for the sound advice and practical methods they suggested for putting our desires into execution. I would have been extremely glad to write here at least a brief summary or gist of their speeches, had it not been for the economy of space. The last subject 'Kalidas and Shakespeare on female characters' had to be postponed, partly because students found it difficult to attend owing to their examinations, and partly because Professor P. Subrahmanyam Garu, the president for the meeting, could not spare his time; and this meeting will probably take place about the middle of January

During this short term, one meeting of the executive was held on 26th November in which it was resolved to request Desabhakta Nageswara Row Pantulu Garu to give the upstairs of Andhra Patrika buildings to open a library and start a reading room, and the reading room will be available for the members from January 1926 and we hope that it will work in full swing from that time onwards. In the same meeting some co-options were made, one of whom being D. Raghava Row B.A., for the Medical College, the previous member having been disqualified to continue to be a member, by not attending 3 meetings consecutively. Another resolution was passed to call for a general body meeting to elect members for the magazine committee, some of the previous members having resigned, and some places remaining unfilled. At the meeting of the general body held on the 2nd, the following members were elected, and one of the general secretaries being taken as an ex-officio member of the committee.

1. Mr. D. Govinda Reddi.
2. ,, R. Bhaskara Rau, B.A.
3. ,, R. Khrishna Sastry, B.A., (Hons.)
4. ,, K. Viswanadha Sastry (ex-officio.)

and Mr. B. Satyanarayana of the Aurvedic College was elected member of the dramatic committee, Mr. M. V. Seshagiri Row having resigned; and Mr. A. Ramamoorthy, general secretary is Ex-Officio member of the dramatic committee.

When a few members of our Union approached the principals of Women's Colleges, they appreciated the work of the magazine and asked their students to elect representatives for their colleges, and I am glad to note that,

Srimati P. Poornamma Garu B.A., Lady Willingdon Training College,

OUR PRESIDENT.



THE HON'BLE. V. RAMADAS PANTULU GARU.

Miss S. Venkata Row for Lady Willingdon Medical School for Women were chosen for the places by the Andhra students of their institutions.

Last and the most important fact to be recorded in this issue is that the Telugu students presented an address to the distinguished president of the Union, Hon. Mr. V. Ramadas on 27th Nov. 1925, congratulating him on his election to the Council of State and I find no adequate expression to describe the joy, pleasure, and the enthusiasm of our students, when the result of his election was announced. He in reply said, that he would boldly represent the views of his countrymen, in the council though he cannot bring about a thorough transformation in its working, and he requested the audience to judge him by the former standard alone. M.R.Ry. P. Chenchiah Garu, M A the president of the meeting also congratulating him in a short speech, said that we are sending a fearless man who will fight and champion his cause despite the chilling atmosphere, the strong opposition, and a host of other uncongenial circumstances that pervade such a council

K. Viswanadha Sastry, B.L., *Class Joint Secretary.*

REVIEWS AND NOTES.

The Sleeper awakened: A Night mare in three scenes. By *H. Chattopadhyaya* Ganesh & Co. Price Re. I.

This piece in three scenes is more a phantasy than a play. The work is akin to the mystery and miracle plays of the middle ages in which abstract qualities figured as dramatic personae and whose avowed object was to inculcate some moral lessons to the masses. The poet has sought to give a dramatic version of the main principles of the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. As a poetic version of a political creed there is more of propaganda than of poetry in it. Nevertheless the setting is by no means lacking in picturesque effects. The 1st scene introduces the reader to a house in the old city wherein a mother and her children,—a son and a daugher are living a simple and contented life. On a stormy night, civilisation in the guise of a stranger seeks shelter with these simple folk and seduces the young man by his winning ways to take to whisky When the second scene opens we see the debased youth fallen into a state of drunken stupor, All the adjuncts of the so-called modern civilisation pass before his mind's eye in a weird phantasmagoria. The young man is taken in hand by Miss Modern Education and is gradually initiated into all the mysteries of modern civilisation, such as drinking, dressing, dancing, cultivating a passion for gold and titles and acquiring a proper contempt for his own land. Famine stalks abroad levying a heavy toll; feuds abound among classes and creeds. The Panchama whose very sight is a pollution is banished out of the pale of society. The mad poet Agriculture and his spouse, the Spinning wheel are driven out as being barbarous and unruly. Thus civilisation has accomplished its taste and its victim is civilised out of his senses and humanity. At this stage Soul force appears on the scene and rescues the rash youth from the clutches of this night-mare of a civilisation. The sleeper is awakened. Civilisation is challenged to prove its worth by soul force and is

eventually shamed to acknowledge her hypocrisy. She is dismissed off the stage to atone for her sins and realise her soul. Agriculture and the Spinning wheel save the youth and restore him to peace and plenty.

Like all allegories the work has its obvious limitations. But, however, the dramatic setting is skillfully and effectively utilised to bring home to the masses that our glamour for civilisation is a delusion and a snare. On the whole the book is eminently readable and is a clever piece of workmanship from our gifted poet

Introduction to the Bhagavad-gita : by *D. S. Sarma*. Ganesh & Co Price Re 1

As the author observes in the preface to Book under review, it is intended primarily for students "The aim of the book" says Mr Sarma, "is frankly to make the students lead a life of high purpose, accepting the Gita as their guide." The main substance of the book formed the subject matter of religious discourses delivered by the author to the students of the Presidency College Hostel. Being a treatise meant for beginners, the writer has wisely left all sectarian interpretations severely alone The encrustutions which the labours of later commentators have accumulated on the text and the heated controversies over rival theories of interpretation that different schools of philosophy have propounded, all these have to a great extent obscured the pristine purity, the sublime simplicity and clarity of the original so much so that the Gita has for a long time been the monopoly of the specialist. The supposed incomprehensibility of the scripture has rendered it a sealed book for the mass of mankind Mr Sarma has done an inmense service by declaring that historically considered the Gita, stripped of all the fine spun metaphysical sophistries of interested commentators biassed by preconceived theories, is perceived to be the product of the Renaissance of the Epic age which breathed a new life into the dead bones of the dogmas of the past, proclaiming a simple message of godly life for the masses. "The Gita called upon all, without distinction of Varna or Ashama, to lead a holy life, to seek refuge in the spirit, to look upon all creatures as parts of one reality, and to perceive, behind the claims of every duty, the stern voice of God. Such a call cannot be for a particular age or a particular country It is for all times and for all men" (p 108).

The Gita thus is not a philosophic system but is the the *lay man's upanishad*"—a gospel of Godly life A succinct account of the setting and significance of the Gita are given and the fundamental principles underlying the 'song celestial' are cleanly set forth. The author sternly condemns and rightly repudiates the mischievous theory often propounded by misleading commentators that the Gita furnishes a divine sanction for the violence of war This representationcan not go farther. Although one cannot entirely agree with the statement of the writer that the presentation of the Gita in the Maha Bharata is mere 'dramatic device' there are few who will seriously dispute that there is absolutely no warrant in the scripture to set its seal of approval on the blind fury and wanton barbarism of warfare On the other hand observes Mr Sarma, Mahatma Gandhi has widened the interpretation of the Gita by proclaiming that the supreme message of the Gita is one of non-violence. The Gita teaches the unity of all life and the immanence of God which lead to the recognition that there is God in everything and that everything is in God. As an inevitable

corollary of this realisation it follows that the Gita is not a Gospel of violence but of Non-violence. And Non-violence is the negative aspect of the positive virtue, love. Due emphasis is laid upon the fact that the Gita stands unique among the Hindu scriptures in preaching the gospel of action without being attached to the fruits of action—Salvation is, no doubt, through works But the triple paths of Salvation Jnana, Bhakti and Karma are not mutually exclusive avenues to the Divine but are the supplementary aspects of the same process that lead to true union with God. Thus there is a fundamental affinity and a real harmony between what are generally regarded as distinct and divergent paths of the life divine. There can be no true action (karma) without enlightenment (jnana) and enlightened action itself is the inpassioned expression of the flood of *Love* (Bhakti) that fills to overflowing, the heart of the Devotee. Some chapters are added to the book which explain the relation of the Bhagavad Gita to the later philosophical systems such as the Samghya, the Yoga of Patanjali and trace its affinities with the ethical idealism of Buddhism

We are often prone to pride ourselves on the glories of our past Pride, says Mr Sarma, without knowledge is vulgar, but knowledge without conduct is worse. Let us, 'the flower of youth' to whom the book is dedicated without distinction of caste or community, recognising that (in the words of the Gita) character is the basis of caste endeavour to live the sublime truth that are enshrined in this immortal work. For after all Religion is nothing if not realisation

We have no doubt that this inspiring book " will supply a long felt need in the student world, and serve as a help to those who want to use the Gita as a practical Gospel." We eagerly look forward to the publication of the text of the Bhagavad Gita

The publishers, Messrs. Ganesh & Co., deserve a warm tribute of admiration for the neatness and the tasteful get up of their publications. R.K.S.

The Hindu Yuvati Saranalayam, Kilpauk, Madras.

We have received a report from the Hindu Yuvati Saranalayam in Kilpauk Madras. Srimati Yamani Purna Thilakamma is a pioneer in the useful work of rescuing the girls of the Devadasi caste from the clutches of the Vesya Mathas and taking under protection those that have fallen but sincerely repent and wish for a pure and virtuous life. The Saranalayam Executive Committee are doing splendid work during the last two years but are not able to meet the increasing demand with adequate funds. Society is solely responsible for the existence of this community, the abode of vice, misery and disease which is eating into its vital elements. It is high time that society wakes up and opens its eyes wide enough to realise this dark patch and purify it in the least possible time. We therefore appeal to the generous public to support the noble mission with active cooperation and substantial help R B R.

Our Exchanges.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the following periodicals

The Law College Magazine, The Rajahmundry Arts College Magazine, The Noble College Leader, The Vizayanagaram Maharajah's College Magazine.

Our Prize Essays.

As we have not received sufficient number of essays we have extended the time for the three prize essays to 1st March 1926

Obituary.

With deep regret we record the premature demise of Mr. Y. V Suryanarayana Rao on 20th Sept. 1925 He was an old student of Maharajah's College, Vizianagaram, passed his Intermediate and his B. A. Chemistry branch, first in the presidency He was doing research work under the kind guidance of Prof. Das Gupta.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor will be glad to accept contributions from students of the various schools and colleges of, Madras and Moffusil, on all matters of interest, including short stories, dialogues, essays, poems, reviews on books tit-bits, etc.

(2) The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscript copies of contributions received by him, unless accompanied by stamps.

(3) Contributors are requested to see that their articles do not exceed, normally, two printed pages unless for special reasons.

(4) A speeific number of pages will be allotted in each issue for humorous stories amd athletics.

(5) Correspondents are requested to send very brief reports of the activities of the various colleges and institutions, during the quarter preceding the publication of each issue to Mr. R. Bhaskara Rau B.A. University Club, Broadway, Madras.

(6) *All other contributions shall be addressed to the Editor, The Andhra Herald, 10, Nallathambi Mudali Street, Triplicane, Madras.*

(7) *All business correspondence shall be with the Manager, The Andhra Herald.*

University Club, Broadway (Post Box 262.) Madras.

Editor.

Receipt Nos. 26—50 ; 126—175 ; 226—275 ; 301—350 ; 476—575 ; 726—750 ; and all other receipts not signed by the Manager if dated on or after 10th January 1926 are hereby declared invalid.

MANAGER.

THE ANDHRA HERALD

(*Organ of the Andhra Students Union*)

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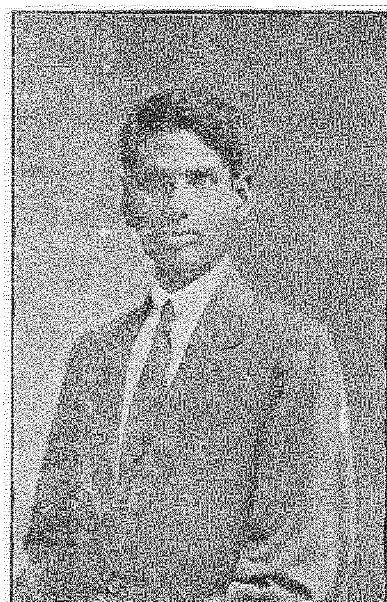
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భావకవిత్వము—శ్రీ దువ్వూరి రామిరెడ్డిగారు

యస్. రంగారావు, జూనియర్ బి. యే. క్లాసు, పచ్చయప్ప కళాశాల.

భావకవులను గూర్చి విచారించుటకు ముందు “భావకవిత్వము” అను పదమును గూర్చి కొంతఁ జెప్పవలసియున్నది. ఆంగ్లమున దీనికే (Lyric poetry) అనిపేరు. గ్రీసు దేశీయవాద్యములలో నొకటియగు (Lyre) అను తంత్రీవాద్యవిశేషము నుండి (Lyric) అనుపద ముత్పన్నమైనది. కాని కవిత్వమును (Lyric) అనుటలో గల సారస్య మేమిటో తెలియదు. (Lyre) తోఁ మేళవించి పాడుకొనుటకు అనుకూలముగనున్న కవితా వైఖరికి (Lyric poetry) అనితొలుదొల్త నామ మేర్పడెను. ఆవల కొంతకాలమునకు రూపములను గాక కొన్ని కవితా లక్షణములవలన (Lyric poetry) వ్యవహారమునకు వచ్చెను, తల్లక్షణములు ముందు విమర్శింతము. కాని (Lyric poetry) అనుదానికి “భావకవిత్వము” అనుట సరియైన యనువాదమా యని యొకశంక? అది సరికాదు గనుకనే, భావము లేని కవిత్వ ముండునా? యని భావకవిత్వప్రతిపక్షులు వితర్కించుట. భావకవిత్వ మనుటకంటె గేయకవిత్వ మనుట కొంచెము సరసముగా నుండునేమో యని నా యూహ.



ప్రాచీనాంధ్రకవిత యున్నతము; ఆడంబరయుతము. అర్వాచీన మన్ననో భావభూయిష్ఠము; ధ్వనివిశిష్టము—అనుటచేఁ బ్రస్తుత కవిత్వమునఁ జేలవత్వము లేదని నాయభిప్రాయము గాదు. పేలవత్వనిధులు, అనుకరణదక్షులు, “ప్రాంతవడ్డ మాటలఁ దమ నేర్పుఁ జూపు” కవులు, ప్రతిదేశమునను ప్రతికాలమున నుందురు. వారితో మనకుఁ బనిలేదు. సరసకవులు—వారికవిత—దాని లక్షణములు— వీనితో మనకుఁ బని. దేనియందు సరసకవితా సువర్ణ లవ ముండునో దానికే విలువ. అత్యంతానందదాయకమగు శిల్పవైఖరియే కవిత్వము; అది యేమార్గ మవలంబించిన నెక్కువగ నలవడునో అదియే అత్యుత్తమకవితావైఖరి. ప్రాచ్యమైన నేమి? ప్రతీచ్యమైన నేమి? భావకవిత్వము— గేయకవిత్వము— పాశ్చాత్యవాఙ్మయసంసర్గమున వచ్చిన మార్పని ఘంటా

పథముగఁ జెప్పవచ్చును. కాని భావకవిత్వ మత్యుత్తమకవితాసరణియా ? అనుప్రశ్నము నకు నుత్తరము.—

శిల్పమునందు గురుతింపఁదగిన విషయములు రెండు: 1 విషయము (Subject or matter) 2 వైఖరి, రీతి (Method or form of expression) అత్యుత్తమశిల్పమున విషయము కేవలము వ్యంగ్యమై యుండును; విషయవైఖరుల తారతమ్యము స్ఫురింపదని ప్రాజ్ఞులమతము. ఏశిల్పమున విషయము బుద్ధిమూలమున (through intelligence) గాక అన్యథా (through imaginative reason) స్ఫురించునో ఎందు వైఖరి కేవలము బాహ్యేంద్రియగోచరముకాదో, ఎందు విషయవైఖరులన్యోన్యసమ్మేళనమున నిర్మలానందము గలుగఁజేయునో, అది అత్యుత్తమశిల్పము.

పై నిర్వచనవిధానమున సంగీత ముత్తమశిల్పమని ద్యోతమగును. " It is the art of music which most completely realises this artistic ideal, this perfect indentification of matter and form...... Therefore.......the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music,...."(WalterPater) కనుకనే శిల్పమంతయు సంగీతవిధానమునుండఁ బ్రయత్నించుట.కవిత్వమితరశిల్పములకంటె నెక్కువగ సంగీతమునకు మిత్రభావమునను న్నది. అందువలననే సాధారణముగ సంగీతమునుకవిత్వమును కలియుచున్నవి. అందును గేయకవిత్వమునకు నెక్కువ సంగీతపుఁ జోకడలు గలవు.

" So that Lyrical poetry, precisely because in it we are least able to detach the matter from the form, without a deduction from the matter itself, is at least artistically the highest and most complete form of poetry. And the very perfection of such poetry often appears to depend, in part, on a certain suppression or vagueness of mere subject ...." (Walter Pater) "

భావకవిత్వమున విషయాస్ఫుటతయా ముఖ్యము? విషయ మస్ఫుటముగనున్న భావ మెట్లు స్ఫురించును ? అసలుభావమే లేదా ? భావకవిత్వము నేతిబీరకాయయేనా ? కలరవంబులవలె అస్ఫుటభావములును అవ్యక్త మాధుర్యమై యుండును. ఆభావ మనుభవమాత్రవేద్యము. కవిమనంబును చదువరి హృదయమును పరిపూర్ణముగఁ గలసినంగాని నిజమైనభావకవిత్వము మెప్పు నొందదు. ఈ విషయమునే యాంగ్ల వైమర్శిక శిఖామణులొకరిట్లు వ్రాకుచ్చుచున్నారు:

" The art by which it survives is based on the structural laws that govern the rhythms of nature echoed in our own voices and on the aesthetic correspondence between the waves of sound and the crescent and discrescent movements of our musical thought " (Ernest Rhys)

అత్యుత్తమకవిత భావకవిత యనుటకు మరియొక కారణము గలదు. భావకవిత్వమందు కవిజీవితమే సాధారణముగఁ బ్రతిబింబిత మగుచుండును. కవి స్వీయజీవితప్రవృత్తి

విషయికభావముల ప్రదర్శింపక పోయినను అన్యపాత్రలనుసృజించి తత్స్వరూపములోనికి జొరంబడి వారలచరిత్రమును బాడుచున్నప్పుడును నిజమునకు నతఁడు భావకవియే.

" So soon as a narrator or play wright, carried out of the given medium by personal feeling, begins to dilate individually on the theme, that moment he or she as surely tends to grow lyrical " (Ernest Rhys).

అయిన నితరకవులకును భావకవులకును గలభేద మేమి? ఇతరపాత్రములభావములును కవివేకదా? కవులందరకును కవిత్వవస్తుగుణము (Poetic quality) సమానమే; కాని యితర కవులకు కవితాగుణము గాక, సంయోగత (coordination) అనునది యత్యవసరము. భావకవిత్వమున నిది మృగ్యము. ఏలయన, కవికి భావోద్రేకమున నుప్పొంగిన భావములు స్వయంనిర్ణీతములుగాక, యయ్యాయి కాలముల స్వేచ్ఛగ జనించినవి. దాన నవి పరస్పర సంబంధములు గాక, భిన్నములుగ గూడ నుండుట కలదు. కనుకనే

" The Lyric is the most lawless and has the least hesitation about breaking bonds."

అని మరియొకరు వ్రాసిరి. భావకవిత్వమునకు నిబంధనలు లేవు; నిర్ణయసూత్రములు లేవు. ఇచ్ఛవచ్చిన మచ్చున జెప్పికొనవచ్చును. కాని యొకవిధమైన తీక్ష్ణత, భావగంభీరత (personal intensity) భావకవిత్వమునకు జీవగఱ్ఱ. అది లేనిచో భావగీతములు పేలవమై శుష్కించి నీరస మగును.

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ఆంధ్రదేశమున ప్రస్తుత మున్న భావకవులలోఁ బ్రశస్తిఁగన్నవా రనేకులున్నారు. వారిలో దువ్వూరి రామిరెడ్డిగా రొకరు. వీరి గ్రామము నెల్లూరుజిల్లాలోని పెమ్మారెడ్డి పాళెము. వీరు తమకాలమును కవిత్వమునకును కర్షకజీవికకును బంచిపెట్టి యున్నట్లు దోచుచున్నది. వీరు "గ్రామవాసిని యెరుగను కైతవంబు; ప్రకృతితల్లిస్తన్యంబునఁ బ్రబలినాఁడ" నని చెప్పికొని యున్నారు. ఇం దిసుమంతయు నతిశయోక్తి లేదని కవిగారిని గాంచినవా రెఱుఁగియుందురు.

వీరు రచించిన కావ్యములలో ప్రస్తుతము మనము విమర్శింపఁ బూనినవి:—కృషీవలుఁడు; వనకుమారి; నక్షత్రమాల; కడపటి వీడుకోలు.

(1) కృషీవలుఁడు:— రామిరెడ్డిగారు భావకవిత్వమును గోపగీతికావిధానమును మేళవించి వ్రాసినగ్రంథము; రసనిర్ఝరియనుమన్ననకు పాత్రమైనది వారును హాలికజీవితమున నపేక్షగలవా రగుటఁగాఁబోలు వారిగీతములు చాలవరకు (pastoral lyrics) యనఁదగి యున్నవి. ఇట్టి గ్రంథము ప్రస్తుతాంధ్రసారస్వతమున నిదియొక్కటియే యని తోచుచున్నది.

ఇందు కర్షకజీవితదైనందినచర్య లన్నియు హృదయంగమముగ నభివర్ణితములు. మునుపటి కవు లేలొకో, కవిత్వవస్తువు హాలికజీవితమున లేదనియెడు నపోహమునఁ

గాంబోలు, దీనిజోలికిఁ బోకయుండిరి. సామాన్యజీవితమున సారస్యము లేదనియో, పూర్వకవులు రాజులయు రాణులయు మేడలనుండి క్రిందికి దిగరైరి. కాని యిది మనదేశమునకు మాత్రము పట్టినవ్యాధి. పాశ్చాత్యదేశములందు, గ్రీసుదేశమున (Theocritius) అను నతఁడు తొలుదొల్తదారిఁజూప,కవితాలతాంగి పశుపాలకగృహములకు వచ్చెను. ఆవల నది క్రమముగ పాశ్చాత్యవాఙ్మయ మంతయు వ్యాపించెను. ఆంధ్రవాఙ్మయమునను నేటికి రామిరెడ్డిగారి ప్రతిభావిశేషమున కవిత క్రొత్తనడకల తెలియనిదారులనడచుచున్నది. గ్రంథవిస్తరభీతిచే నీ గ్రంథమునందలి గుణవిశేషముల దిక్ప్రదర్శనముగ, నొండు రెండు సూచించెద. కర్షకశృంగారరసాభివర్ణన మెంత హృదయరంజకముగ నున్నదియు నిందు గననగును.

"పొలముల కేగు పల్లెతలు
పుత్తడిగాజులు ఘల్లుమంచురా
పిలి యులివెత్తగం జిటికె
వేయుచు నిన్గని యేలపాటలం
జెలువుగఁ బాడ నుప్పతిలు
సిగ్గున నూరకపోక మారుపా
టల నెలుగెత్తి పాడుమ మి
టారుల నవ్వుల కాస్పదంబుగన్.
గ్రామవాసులకిట్టి నిష్కైతవంపు
ముగ్ధపరితోషములు సుఖభోగ్యము లగు;
పట్టణనివాసకులశుష్కభావములను
నిట్టిసామాజికానంద మెసఁగఁగలదె?"

"పడె నటఁ జిల్క లన్న మిషఁ
బైట దొలంగినఁ జూచిచూడకే
యొడిసెల త్రాయిఁ బెట్టి పొల
మోరలఁబోయెడి బాటసారిపైఁ
బడఁ దెగ రువ్వెదేల మగు-
వా, యిటులం బడుచుందనాలతుం
దుడుకుఁదనంబు నీయెడదఁ
దొందరవెట్టెనె? నైజమే గదా?"

పై పద్యములందు కాపుకన్నెల శృంగారవిలాసములు చిరునగవు బుట్టించునట్లు కవి వర్ణించియున్నాఁడు. మరియొకచోట జాలి బుట్టించి పాఠకులకు కన్నీరు నించునట్లు వర్ణించిన యీక్రిందివి చూడనగును. కాపుటిల్లాలి జీవిత మిందు శోచనీయముగ నున్నది.

చెలియా యిత్తతి నిన్నుఁ గన్గొనిననా
చిత్తంబు తాపార్తమై
కలఁగుం, గష్టకుటుంబకార్యముల నె
క్కాలంబు నిర్మగ్నవై
మెలగంజూతువు మంచిచీరరవికెల్
మేలౌ నలంకారముల్
దలపంబోవు; తలైన దువ్వ; విక లే
దా మేర నీపాటుకున్.

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నిత్యకృత్యములం దొక్కనిమిష మైన
దొంగిలింపుము కైసేయఁ దోయజాక్షి!
యఖిలకామినీసామాన్య మగు ప్రసాద
నప్రియత్వము నీయందు ననలుకొనదొ?
స్వాంతమున నీకు రామణీయకపిపాస
యంతరించె నటంచు నే ననను గాంత;

కాని మొదలేని సంసారకష్టములకు
స్త్రీప్రకృతి బలివెట్టుట చెల్లదమ్మ.
త్యాగమున కైన నొకహద్దు దగునుగాని
శలభమట్టుల నాత్మనాశనము మేలె ?
పొలఁతికి సతీత్వసౌందర్యములును రెండుఁ
బ్రార్థనీయవరంబులై పరగుఁగాదె ?

ఇందే కర్షక జీవితచర్యాభివర్ణనమును, ఋత్వాదివర్ణనమును మనోహరముగ మిళితమై యున్నవి.

(ii) వనకుమారి :—ఇది యొక ఖండకావ్యము. ఇతివృత్తము స్వకపోలకల్పితము. రాజ్యభ్రష్టుఁడైన యొకరాజు నాతని దుహిత (వనకుమారి)యును, అరణ్యమున నివసించి యుందురు; గొల్లలవలె జీవితము గడపుచుందురు. వనకుమారి గొరియలఁ గాయుచుఁ "లోకమే యెరుఁగని ముద్దరా ల"యి యుండును. రాకుమారుఁ డొకరుఁడు, (వనకుమారి తండ్రిరాజ్యమునుఆక్రమించినరాజుపుత్త్రుఁడు) మృగయావినోదమున నా యరణ్యమును సమీపించును. వనకుమారిని, ఒంటిమై గాంచును. వనకుమారి అరణ్యమునఁ గొఱ్ఱెలెటులఁ బోయినదియు తెలియఁజాలక, చీకటిలో వానలోవిలపించుచుండును. వనకుమారి రాకకై యెదురుచూచిచూచి వేసరి, వృద్ధరాజు దుహితను వెదకుటకై యడవిలోఁ బ్రవేశించి శల్యఘాతమునఁ గ్రిందఁ బడుట, రాకుమారుఁడు వృద్ధుని యాక్రందనధ్వని విని యాతనిశల్యమునుండి రక్షించి, యాతని వృత్తాంత మరసి,వనకుమారితండ్రిగా నెఱింగి వనకుమారి నటకుఁ దెచ్చి, వారిరువురను వారి పర్ణశాలకుఁ గొనిపోయి, వృద్ధున కుపచారములు చేయుట, వృద్ధుఁడు మరణించుట, వనకుమారికిని రాకుమారునకును గల ప్రేమ పరిణామములు యిందలిముఖ్యవిషయములు.

వనకుమారిని బోలు కథానాయిక సంస్కృతాంధ్రసారస్వతములలోన లేదు. వనకుమారి ముగ్ధలలో ముగ్ధ. తనతండ్రిని దప్ప మరియొక పురుషునిగాని స్త్రీనిగాని చూచి యెరుఁగదు. ఇట్టిపాత్రము షేక్స్పియర్ నాటకములలో (Tempest) లోని (Miranda;) ఆముగ్ధరామణీయకమే చదువరుల నాకర్షించునది. ఆమెకు ప్రకృతిపైఁ గలప్రేమ కవిగారి ప్రకృతిరామణీయకాపేక్షయేకాని వేరుకాదు. వనకుమారిక్రీడలలో నొకటి :—

"గిరితీరంబుల నల్లి ఝుంఝుమరవా
కీర్ణప్రసవచ్ఛారుని
ర్ఝరిణీశీకర పోషితంబు లయి య
శ్రాంతంబు సౌరభ్యబం
ధురతం జిల్కు లతావితానములఁ బ్ర
త్యూషంబునన్ లేచి సుం
దరవర్ణాంకితపక్షముల్ గలుగు నీ
తాకోకముల్ పట్టుదున్."

వనకుమారికిని వీరునకును గల ప్రణయమున నొకవిశేషము గలదు. అది సామాన్యప్రేమ కాదు. అది మిక్కిలి వైరాగ్యగంధిలమై జ్ఞానభూయిష్ఠమై యున్నది. దీనికే యాంగ్లమున (Intellectual love) అని పేరు. వనకుమారివంటి నాయికను, స్త్రీప్రకృతిని సృజించినందులకు కవిగారికి ఆంధ్రలోకము కృతజ్ఞతాబద్ధమై యున్నది. ఎన్నియేని పద్య

ములు వ్రాయవచ్చునుగాని యొక నూతన ప్రకృతిని సృష్టిజేయుట యరిది.

"వనకుమారి"యందు అనేక భావగీతములు కలవు. స్వప్నముపై కవి పాడిన గీతములన్నియు నట్టివే. ఇదియుగాక కవి యాయా కథాసందర్భముల తనమనోభావములను వెల్లడించి యున్నారు.

(iii) నక్షత్రమాల : ఇం దనేకభావగీతములు కలవు. వీనిలో "ప్రణయాంజలి" ప్రశంసనీయము. ఇందు కవి నిశ్చలప్రణయ సిద్ధాంతములను చేసియున్నాడు: మచ్చునకు :—

* * * *

చెలియా ! యిద్దరి ప్రేమబంధము లవి
చ్ఛిన్నంబుగా నున్న కాం
క్షలు దుస్సాధ్యము లయ్యె కొంత దనుకన్
సంతోషమే గూర్చెడిన్.

"కవితాప్రణయిని" అను ఖండకావ్యమున కవి తనమనోభావములను దెల్పియున్నాడు. కవితాకన్యను తా వరించుట— యందు ముఖ్యవిషయము. అందలి యువకుఁడు తానేమోయని యూహింపఁదగియున్నది.

"గ్రామవాసిని యెఱుఁగను కైతవంబు
ప్రకృతితల్లి స్తన్యంబునఁ బ్రబలినాఁడ"
"నీవు వసియించుసీమకు నేనుగూడ
వచ్చెదను వేగఁగొనిపొమ్ము వలపులాడి"
"యువకుండన్ మధురార్ద్రచిత్తుఁడను స్నే
హోల్లాసధుర్యుండఁ బ్రా
భవకాంక్షి న్నను మోసగించి యరుగన్
భావించితే నిర్దయన్"
"కలకంఠంబులు గూసినన్ కిసలయా
గ్రంబుల్ పిసాళించినన్
వలపుం జక్కెడి పూవుబూచినను నీ
నామంబె చింతించుదున్."

ఇత్యాదికములు కవిగారి మనోప్రవృత్తిని సూచించుచున్నవి.

ఇందలి "అజ్ఞాతసుక"వి రెడ్డిగారేమో? కాని ధైర్యముమాత్రము వదలలేదు.

"......................సత్కవీశ క
క్కసపడనేల తావిఁగొను
గాడ్పులరీతి విమర్శకుల్ కృతిన్
రసము గ్రహించి నీయశము
రాజిలజేయుదురయ్య యెల్లెడన్"
మనమును ఆమార్గమునే యనుసరింతము.

(iv) కడపటి వీడుకోలు.

ఇం దొక తాపసకుమారు నకును మునికన్యకును గల్గిన ప్రణయపరిణామము గలదు కథ విషాదకరమును, సర్వమానవసోదరత్వమను విశ్వవిస్తృతప్రణయసిద్ధాంతనిబిడము నైయున్నది. (Theory of Universal love) యిందు ప్రతిపాదితవిషయము.

శైలి—భావనాశక్తి

రామిరెడ్డిగారి శైలినిగూర్చి యించుక. కొన్నిటియందు (కృషీవలుఁడు) సంస్కృత పదములకన్న తెనుగువే యెక్కువ. కొన్నిట (నక్షత్రమాల) సాంస్కృతికము లెక్కువ.

కాని యీ రెంటిసంయోగము వారిశైలి కపూర్వమాధుర్యమును దానముచేసినది. వీరి పదసౌకుమార్యము శయ్యామార్దవము ప్రస్తుతాంధ్రకవులలో ననన్యములు.

వీరిభావనాశక్తి యమోఘము. వీరియుపమానములన్నియు చాలవరకు పూలు,తీగెలు సెలయేళ్లు, కొండలు వీటి నాశ్రయించి యుండును. ఉదాహరణములు:—

"ప్రణయాంజలి"లో:

అల్లియుఁ బూలుపూవని ల
తావళులట్టుల నాదుకోరికల్
కొల్లగ రేగియుం గుడుపు
గూడకపోయె."

వీరికి ప్రకృతిపై నభిమానము మెండు. అందుచేత "వనకుమారి"యందు ప్రకృతినుండి గైకొనిన యుపమానము లెన్నియేనిఁ జూడ నగును. మానవకష్టసుఖములపై వీరిదృష్టి pessimisticగా నున్నది. సాధారణముగా వీరు హైందవవేదాంతసిద్ధాంతములనే ప్రతిపాదించుచున్నారు

"కాలసాగరకల్లోలకాండచలిత
తృణగణంబులు ప్రాణులు......"

—వనకుమారి.

"కష్టసుఖముల నీచోచ్చగతులు గలవు
చక్రదండంబులకుఁబోలె; సమయమందు
నిట్టిమార్పు లనంతమై యెసఁగుచుండు
భావిపరిణామ మెవ్వరు పలుకఁగలరు"

—కృషీవలుఁడు.

సాంఘికజీవితముపై వీరియభిప్రాయము లిందు గననగును.

"రాజకీయప్రపంచసామ్రాజ్యమందు
శౌర్యఖడ్గంబులకు లేదు శాసనంబు;
సంఘరాజ్యంబు నేలు విస్తారశక్తి
సతము నాచారఘోరపిశాచరాజు."

—కృషీవలుఁడు.

కవిగారు పాశ్చాత్యవాఙ్మయమును జదివియు, తద్భావముల గొన్నింటిని స్వీకరించియు, తన్నాగరకతవిషయమున విముఖత్వము పునట్లుజూ దోచెడిని.

నవ్యపాశ్చాత్యసభ్యత నాగరకత
పల్లెలందున స్పష్టరూపములఁ దాల్చి
కాలసమ్మానితము లైన గ్రామపద్ధ
తులనువిముఖత్వముంగొంతఁగలుగఁజేసె.

—కృషీవలుఁడు.

చిన్ని తలపు

గిరికుమార.

ముదురాకు రాలేటి ముదిమినాళులలోన
తొడిగేటిచివురాకు పడుచుపొద్దులలోన
ఆకునైనా కానుగా
అయినచో
సోకేది చిఱుగాలి నన్ను
మెల్ల, తాకేది మిణుగురుల హొన్ను.

మొగిలుకన్నెలగుంపు దగదగని మెరిసేటి
చిగురువన్నెలకావి సొగసుసంజలలోన
మొగిలునైనా కానుగా
అయినచో
ఎగిరియుందును వింటికొనల
మెల్ల, తగిలియుందును వెల్గుసొనల.

తొలిప్రేమరుచిచూచు నెలప్రాయపుంగన్నె
తలిరుమెత్తనిబేల వలపులో తలపులో
ఊహనైనా కానుగా
అయినచో
వలచేది నను చిన్నిచూపు
మెల్ల, కలచేది చివురాకుతూపు.

ఫలశ్రుతి

౨

నాయని సుబ్బారావు. బి. యే. (ఒంగోలు)

ఈనవీనవసంతమ్ము లెన్నియెన్ని
యొరసికొనుచున్న వభ్రంకషోజ్వలముగ
మనవిలాసాంఘ్రిపద్మలాంచనపథమ్ము
పుడమి పరవశతఁ గగుర్పొడిచి పొడిచి!

ఈవిలాస వసంతఁపు టెల్లలందు
మనకటాక్షాంచలమ్ములు పెనచుకొన్న
మధురరంగమ్ము లటవె మన్మథకుమార
జన్మవాసరోత్సవ సముజ్జ్వల పథములు!

తొలి చూపు

"కవికుమార." జూనియర్ బి. యే. క్లాసు,
పచ్చయప్పకళాశాల

అతివ! నీరంధ్రతిమిరసంప్రతతియందు
విద్యుదుద్యన్మయూఖముల్ వెలిగె నపుడు
చిత్తపున్నెదురుమోడంతఁ జివురువెట్టె
నవనవోన్మేషభావంపు ననలకలిమి.

జలవిహీనమరుప్రదేశమున నంతఁ
బారెనొకచోటఁ బీయూషస్వాదురసము
చిత్తమోహనగీతి కాశ్రేణు లపుడు
కోకిలల్ పాడె నటఁ గొనకొమ్మ లెక్కి.

వలపుఁ జెలియరో! తెలిసె నీకళవళంపు
వింతచూపుల భావప్రావీణ్యమెల్ల
తియ్యహృదయాలు వెడలించు తియ్యఁదనము
సరసదృక్కావ్యపాండితీ సారమేమొ?

కాపుకన్నె

యడ్లపాటి వెంకటసుబ్బారావు, (లా కాలేః)

చ. అడరుచు గుండ్రమైన గవులాడెడు ముద్దుమొగమ్ముసొంపులన్
చెడుగువడన్ జనించు చిఱుచెమ్మటబొట్టులు నడ్డగింపగా
వడిసెల చేతబట్టి గిరవాటులు వైచుచు ఱాలు ఱువ్వగన్
బడలవొ బాల! ఏల యిటు పక్షుల గొట్టెదు మాటిమాటికిన్.

చ. వడిసెలనిండ ఱాల నిడి వారక ‘యల్లలలోసి’ యంచు నే
గడువడి పక్షులన్ దరుమగా దగుగాదె పొలాన ముచ్చటౌ
దుడుకుతనంపుచేత లివి తోచవు నీ కవి యెన్నడైన నీ
వడిసెలచేత బట్టితివొ పక్షులదోలితివోయి చెప్పుమా.

చ. వడిసెలబట్టలేదు మరి పక్షుల దోలగలేదు గాని నీ
పడుచుదనంపు లీలలకు బాలరొ ముగ్ధుడ నైతి నెంతొ ని
న్నడుగబనేమి నీకు నిటు నాజ్ఞనొసంగినవారి గాక యే
వడువున నోర్చెదో యిటుల భగ్గున మండెడు నెండవేడిమిన్.

ఉ. ఎన్నడుగాని పాంథ! యిటు నేగెడివేళల మంచెమీదికిన్
మన్ననవచ్చితో ఘుమఘుమల్ వెదచల్లెడి పైరుగాలులన్
చిన్నెలవన్నెలన్ జిలుకుచేలపసందు కడానిసొంపులన్
చెన్నలరార గ్రోలితివొ చెప్పుమ యూరక మాటలేటికిన్.

చ. పలుమరు చెప్పనేల నిటువచ్చి కనుంగొనుమోయి పాంథ! మం
చెలపయినుండు సౌఖ్యమును చేరల బోసితి నూచబియ్యమున్
నలిపిన పాలుగారు రుచి నాలుకయే యెఱుంగంగ నోపు శీ
తలజలభాండ మున్నయది త్రాగిన గుక్కెడు దప్పివాసెడిన్.

చ. మిడిమిడియెండవేడిమికి మిక్కిలి డస్సినవాడవయ్య యి
ట్లుడుగక త్రోవబోవుదురె యూపిరియాడక మాడ్చునెండలన్
‘బడలవొ ఱాలుఱువ్వ’ యని నాపయి జాలి వహింపలేదె యి
ప్పుడు నిను చూడ చాలదయపుట్టుచునున్నది జాలివెంబడిన్.

ఉ. తీరికగల్గువేళల నదేపనిగాఁగ విలాసచేష్టలన్
కూరిమి నల్లిబిల్లిగను గూర్చితి బెండుల నీనెబద్దలన్
నేరుతువోయి నీ విటుల నేర్పుమెయిన్ పచరింప దీని నే
పేరున బిల్తురో చెపుమ! పిల్వరె పందిరిమంచ మానసన్.

ఉ. కొంచెము సేపు దాళుమిక కుల్కుచువచ్చెద రాటకత్తెలున్
మంచెక్రిందిసౌఖ్యమును మచ్చున చూతువుగాని యిచ్చటన్
గాంచుము రెండుబారులను గన్పడువామనగాయగుంటలన్
మించెడివేడ్క నాడుకొను మేలపుటాటలనేర్పు చూడవో.

ఉ. తుంగలు బాగుచేసితిని దువ్వడగంగను నీళ్లు చల్లితిన్
అంగుగ రంగవల్లికల నచ్చట ముచ్చటగాఁగ దీర్చితిన్
రంగుగ బొమ్మ లెన్నియొ తిరంబుగ నిచ్చట గూర్చిపెట్టితిన్
పొంగుచు పెండ్లిసేయవలె బోటులు వచ్చినవెంటనే సుమీ.

ఉ. పోడిమిమీర గూర్చితిని పుంతలడొంకలనెల్ల తిర్గి! తం
గేడుపసందుపూవులను గేదగిపూవుల బంతిపూవులన్
చూడుము తుమ్మిపూవు లివి చోద్యముగా నెటులున్నవోయి జి
ల్లేడుహొరంగుపూవు లివి లేవని చెప్పదు నిట్టి వెచ్చటన్.

ఉ. అమ్మను చూడకుండ నొడియందున దాచుకవచ్చితిన్ బలే
కమ్మనికందిపప్పు సెనగల్ తడియారెడిజొన్నపిండియున్
జుమ్మని నోరునూరగను జున్నును మీఁగడ వెన్నముద్దలున్
బొమ్మలపేరు చెప్పికొని ముచ్చటదీరగ నారగింతు మా,

ఉ. ముచ్చటదీర చేసితిని ముద్దులబొమ్మలపెండ్లిసొమ్ములన్
అచ్చునబోసినట్లివిగో అందెలు పోగులు ముక్కుపూసలున్
అచ్చగరాగికాడలనె అల్లితి సొంపుగలేవె చూడు ని
ప్పచ్చరులైనవారి కెటు వచ్చును బంగరువెండికాడలున్.

ఉ. పూనికతోడ చేసితిని పొల్పగు కాసులపేరుపట్టెడన్
దీనిని గాంచు మల్లికల దీర్చిన సొంపులు గుల్కుచుండె న
డ్డాణమనంగ నొప్పునిది డంబుగ నున్నవి యుంగరాలు నీ
చేమనె తాటియాకులను చేసితి వీనిని నవ్వడప్పుడున్.

ఉ. బెండుల గోగుపుల్లలను వెంపలితీగెల నీనెబద్దలన్
పెండిలిపల్ల కల్లితిని పేర్చితి పూసలు గాజుముక్కలున్
చెండులు కుట్టి కట్టితిని చింపిరిగుడ్డల; కాకిఱాలతో
నిండుగ రంగుపూసితిని నేర్పున కెంతయు సంతసింపవో.

చ. రవికలు చీరెలేవి యని ప్రశ్నలువేసెదవేమొ పాంథ, క్రొ
త్తవి సరిగంచు చీరె లివి తళ్కులుదాపిన రైకలివ్వి మా
యవియని నవ్వబోయెదవు అమ్మయె యిచ్చెను రైకగుట్టగా
మివులు చినుంగుచీరికలు మిన్నగునేర్పున నిట్లు దిద్దితిన్.

ఉ. వింతగ బొమ్మపెండిలుల ప్రీతిని చేసియు నారగించియున్
చెందన మంటెదిబ్బలను చేరి చెలుల్ గుమిగూడిరాగ సా
యంతనవేళ నాడెదము హల్లుగపెల్లుగ చెమ్మచెక్కలన్
తంతుగ ముచ్చటచ్చటల దాగిలిమూతల కాళ్లగజ్జెలన్.

"ఎవ్వ రని మమ్ము మీరు భావించినారో"

మండా కామేశం, సీనియరు బి. యే. క్లాసు, మహారాజావారి కాలేజి, విజయనగరము

సీ. తెలిమల్లెపూదేనియలగ్రోలు గొమరుతే,టులపాటలోని యాటోపగరిమ
ఎలమావిజివురుబూవుల గ్రమింగుకోకిల, మంజుగానములోని మార్దవంబు
పరిణతామ్రఫలంబు భక్షించురాచిల్క, కమనీయమృదులవాక్యములతీపి
క్రొక్కారుజలదంపుఘోష నుల్కెడికేకి, హేలాస్వనములోన నెసగునింపు
గీ. చెలగు శైరీషకుసుమపేశల సుధార,సోచ్చయముళైన మాకవనోక్తులందు
ఎవ్వరని మమ్ముమీరు భావించినారో—కౌముదీస్వచ్ఛసద్భావకవులమేము.

సీ. మెరసెనానవవారిధరనీలమండలి, గ్రొమ్మెరుంగులలోని గౌరత దీర్చు;
పాడెనా సెలయేటిపాటలో తేటమై, మేటిదేశములు సయ్యాటలాడు;
వేడెనా రాగుండెపెనుమంచుమలసూర్య, కిరణాళివిధమున గరగిపోవు;
పిలిచెనా తిరుగుపిల్లలు తల్లి జేరిన, గతి నూహలెల్ల మార్గమున జేరు;
గీ. ఔర! శారదవిపద చంద్రాతపమును, తాప మొందించు మాకవితాకుమారి
ఎవ్వరని మమ్ము మీరు భావించినారో.—కౌముదీస్వచ్ఛసద్భావ కవుల మేము.

బాల క్రీడ

పెద్దిభట్ల రామచంద్రరావు, బి.యల్. క్లాసు (సాహితీసమితి.)

పైరుపచ్చలు బాలాతపమ్మునందు
నింపుదళుకొత్తు నాటల సొంపుమీఱె
విమలసమ్మోదవర్ధక వేణు వూదు
బాలకృష్ణు దరస్మితప్రభలపోల్కి.

క్రమపల్లవకోమలకరము లెత్తి
పరుగుపరుగున జని రొకబాలువెంట
పిల్ల లానందచంద్రికల్ వెల్లివిరియ
గోపబాలుని వెన్నంటు గొల్లలట్లు.

గొల్లపిల్లలయుల్లము పల్లవించు
మంజులాలాపనవసుధామధురమూర్తి
గోపబాలకులీల నాకుఱ్ఱ డపుడు
సమ్మదమ్మున క్రీడలు సలుపుచుండె.

కాళ్లగజ్జెలందెలు ఘల్లుఘల్లు మనగ
నాటపాటలఁ జెలఁగు నీయాప్తమూర్తి
నిల్చె నామది నానందనిధివిధాన:
బాలలీలల నేఁజొక్కు భాగ్యమబ్బె!

కోయిల

"వాసంత." బి. యే.

తొలకరించినయంతట పొలము దున్ని
కాయకష్టము లొందుచుఁ గలుపుఁ దీసి
విత్తులఁ జల్లుకాపుల చిత్తములను
నూతనోత్సాహహర్షంబు నోలడింప
పాడరావమ్మ కోయిలా ప్రమదగీతి!

చేలనిండను నీటినిఁ జాలఁ బెట్టి
యాకుమడినంతయూడ్చి యాయాసమునను
సంధ్య నిలుసేర జనియెడు సేద్యగాండ్రు
సేదదేరంగ నీకంఠమధురమునను
పాడరావమ్మ కోయిలా ప్రమదగీతి!

పొలము లేవంకఁ జూచిన పొలుపుమీఱ
పసిడిపైరులశోభచే వాసి గాంచ
సంతసం బందుసేద్యుని యంతరంగ
సముచితోత్సాహముఁ జేయ సరసముగను
పాడరావమ్మ కోయిలా ప్రమదగీతి!

పండి యొరగినవరిచేల పంటఁ జూచి
మోద ముప్పొంగ కోతల పూర్తిజేసి
ఇంటికేగెడుకాపుల మింటినుండి
మధురమాధుర్యరవమున మనము గరుగ
పాడరావమ్మ కోయిలా ప్రమదగీతి!

నేనూ - చిట్టీ

తా. కృష్ణమూర్తి. బి. యే. ఆనర్సుక్లాసు

మా మరదలు చిట్టికీ నాకూ మొదటిపరిచయం ప్రపంచంలో అన్ని గొప్పపనులూ జరిగేటట్టు సాధారణంగానే జరిగింది.

మా ప్రథమపరిచయానికి ముందు—చిట్టికి మూడేళ్లో, మూటిమీద ఆర్నెల్లో అని మనసులో ఉంచుకోండి—చిట్టికి నేను వాళ్ల పెరట్లో చెట్లలాటిదో అలాటివాణ్ణే; అంటే, ఈవిశాలప్రపంచంలో ఉండడానికి హక్కుగల పదార్థాలఁవేగాని, దాని ప్రపంచంలో జాగాలేని పదార్థాలం. కాని కొన్నాళ్లకి — సృష్టంతా మార్పుకాబట్టి కాబోలు!— దాని ఆలోచన్లో నాకొంచెం తావు దొరికింది. వాళ్లింట్లో నలుగుర్లో నన్ను చూడ్డం, నాచుట్టూ తానెరిగినవాళ్లు చేరడం, నేను వాళ్లతోకలిసి నవ్వడం, యిలాటివి దానికంట పడీవి. ఐనా, నన్ను చూసీటప్పుడు దానిసిగ్గూ సంభ్రమం, ఏ —పెళ్లికూతురికీ ఉండవు. నేను మామూలుగా కూర్చున్న వాలుకుర్చీకీ, అది వీధులోనికి పోయి తిరిగొచ్చీ ద్వారానికీ అట్టే దూరంలేదు. అంచేత నన్ను చూడక విధిలేదు కూడాను. కాని చిట్టివీధులోం చెప్పుడొచ్చినా ఒక్కదొంగచూపో, లేకుంటే దొంగచూపు లోనగఁవో, తప్ప, నావేపుమరి అనుగ్రహించీదేకాదు. నౌఖిరీది చంకబెట్టుకున్నప్పుడు మెల్లిగా ఒక ఓరచూపు విసిరీది నేనటుపక్క చూస్తూఉండడఁవేలేదని. కాని నా పాపిష్టికళ్లు అటువేపు పడీసరికి ఆ "భీతహరిణేక్షణ" ముఖం నౌఖిరీదాని వీపు వెనకాల మాయఁవై పోయీది. ఒకవేళ నౌఖిరీదాని చంకనుగాక తానే ముద్దుముద్దుగానడుస్తూ ఆపక్కపోవడం తటస్థిస్తే, గోడవారనే జంకుతూ జంకుతూ ఒక్కమైలు దూరనించి పోయింది. "సీతక్కిన మరదళ్లలాగు — వీళ్లింకా ముగ్గురున్నారు; నాదగ్గిరికి చనువుగా ఒచ్చీవారు—మాచిట్టి సిగ్గు లేందికాదు నాయనా"అని మాఅత్తగారు నాతో అనీది.

కాని కొన్నాళ్లకి చిట్టికి, గోడవారనించి పోయీచిట్టికి, నౌఖిరీదాని వీపువెనకాల తల దాచీసుకున్న చిట్టికి, నాతో కొంచెం పరిచయం చెయ్యాలని బుద్ధి పుట్టింది. పొరుగున ఎవరూలేని గడ్డిల్లోటుంది. అక్కడి కప్పుడప్పుడు నౌఖిరివాళ్లు పిల్లల్ని తీసుకుపోతూ ఉంటారు. చిట్టికూడా వాళ్లలోఉండీది. నేను వీధులోయించి పోతూ దానికంట పడీవాణ్ణి. ఒకనౌఖిరీది బావా అని పిలవమనీది.

చిట్టి అక్కణ్ణించి అరిచీది.

"బావా"

నేను తిరిగి చూసీవాణ్ణి.

అప్పుడు చిట్టిచిన్నిచేతులు రెండూ కళ్లమీదికీ, చేతులుకప్పిన కళ్లుగలముఖం స్తంభఁ

వెనక్కి మాయమయేది. నేను కొంత దూరం వెళ్లిన వెనక మళ్లీ ఆరంభించేది.

"బావా,"

చూసీవాణ్ణి కాను.

మళ్లీ, "బావా",

ఇంకా చూసీవాణ్ణికాను. నేనుమాత్రం లొంగుతానూ?

"పలకవ్వా, నీకుసిగ్గా" అనోకమారూ, "వినబడలేదూ, నీకు చెవుడా" అని మరోక మారూ అడిగేది.

ఇక్కణ్ణించి నేను "ఓయ్" అనీవాణ్ణి.

మళ్లీ, "బావా" అన్నధ్వని చిట్టిమనసులో పుట్టి, మాటలరూపంగామారి, నోట్లోయించి పైకొచ్చి, గాల్లోకలిసి, గాలి అలలపై తేలి, నాకు సందేశంగా ఒచ్చేది.

మళ్లీ "ఓయ్" అని జబాబు పంపీవాణ్ణి.

కొంతకాలందాకా 'బావా ఓయి'ల ప్రతిధ్వనులతో భూనభోంతరాళాలు మార్మ్రోగేవి. గాలివణికిపోయేది. దిక్కులు చలించేవి. మధ్యమధ్య చిట్టినవ్వు కిలకిల ఆప్రతిధ్వనులను విదళించుకోని శ్రావ్యంగా వినబడేది...

ఇలాక్కొన్నాళ్లు...ఇది మా ప్రథమ పరిచయం...

ఇఘరోజూ నేను లేవకముందే నామంచం దగ్గిరికి నడుచుకుంటూ తయారయేది తక్కిన వాళ్లందరితో చిట్టికూడా కొన్నాళ్లు ఉత్త పిలుపుల్తో లేపేది. కొన్నాళ్లు ధైర్యంగా జుట్టుపీకి పిలిచేది; నామీద కొంత హక్కు కల్పించుకుంది....

ఆరోజుల్లో మేఁవిద్దరం కల్పించుకున్న "బంధాల"కూ, ఆటలకూ లెక్కలేదు. ఇంపాజిబిలిటీస్ ప్రపంచంలోలేవని మాకప్పుడే తెలిసింది. ఒకరోజు ఏఁవీయెరగని, నడకేనా తిన్నగా రాని, అమాయకపు చిట్టిని చిరుతపులిని చేసీవాళ్లం. ఏఁవీ కష్టంలేదు; "చిట్టీ, నువ్వు చిరుతపులివి," అంటేసరి, చిట్టి చిరుతపులి లాగు — దానికి సాధ్యమైనంతమట్టుకు, — ఒకమోస్తరు 'ఇమిటేషన్ పులిఅరుపు' అనుకోఒచ్చు — గోండ్రించడం ఆరంభించి, మోకాళ్లమీద బంగరడం, మనుషులదగ్గిరికొచ్చి భయపెట్టడం,ఇలాటివిచేసేది. ఒకరోజు వాలుకుర్చీయే సర్కస్ టెంటనుకుంటాం. సరి. దానిరెండు 'చేతులూ' ఒకటి ట్రెపీజు, మరోటి హారిజంటల్ బారూ ఔతాయి. చిట్టిని వాటిమీ దెక్కిస్తాం. వాటిమీంచి— నాచేతుల్లోకి — గెంతుతుంది. లేకుంటే "ఇమిటేషన్ తీగమీద నడవడం" చేయిస్తాం. ఒకొక్క ఫీటు కాగేనే చప్పట్లుకొడతాం. ఒకరోజు ఇంతకంటే ధైర్యమైన ఫీట్సుచేసేది. మా అంగణంలో పెద్దఅరు గుంది. మొత్తం మీద ఎత్తైందే అని చెప్పొచ్చు. దానిమీద నాకూ చిట్టికీ రన్నింగ్రేసయేది. నేనుదాని మీంచి కిందికి గెంతీవాణ్ణి. చిట్టిఅంచుదాకా ఒచ్చేది. ఒచ్చి, దీర్ఘాలోచనచేస్తూ నిలుచునేది. నేను కిందినుంచి చేతులు చాపీవాణ్ణి. అమాంతంగా, భయంలేకుండా, ఆయెత్తైన అరుగుమీంచి ఒక్కమారు గెంతేది. నేను పట్టుకుంటానని ధైర్యం. వాళ్లమ్మదగ్గిర ఈఫీటు ఎగ్జిబిట్ చేశాం. చిట్టిసాహసానికి "అబ్బ నాయనో" అని గుండెకొట్టుకుంది.

ఒకొక్కప్పుడు చిట్టిని అది నేర్చినవిద్యలన్నీ చూబెట్టమనేవాళ్లం.

"ఏదీ, ఏదీ, సూరన్నకోపం మూతి చూబించూ" అనగానేసరి, మూతి పొడుగు చేసి, చక్కని ఇమిటేషన్ చూబించేది.—సూరన్న యింట్లో వంటవాడు.

"ఏదీ, మేష్టరు గూళ్లు (భుజాలు) తిప్పడం?"...సరి, అదీ అయేది.

వీటికి ఆపీ విసుగూలేదు. ఈ రోజు చూశేం, మన్నాటికి పాతయ్యేయేమో అంటే లేదు. రోజురోజుకీ మొదటి ఆనందఁవే.

చిట్టితోటి దానిబొమ్మకూడా మాతో ఆడుకునేది.

"చిట్టీ, నీకొడుకేడీ" అనేవాళ్లం. ఆప్రశ్నకి జబాబు రెండువిధాలగా ఒచ్చేది, చిట్టి మూడ్నుబట్టి.

ఒకొక్కప్పుడు "చచ్చిపోయేడు" అనేది.

మరొక్కప్పుడు "దాచీశేను;" లేకుంటే "అమ్మ దాచీసింది", అనేది సీరియస్‌గా ముఖం పెట్టి.

"బొమ్మ యేడుస్తున్నాది, ఊరుకోపెట్టూ" అనేవాళ్లం. ఎంచేతోకాని ఆపుకోలేకుండా నవ్వేది...

ఇలాగు మా ప్రణయాభివృద్ధి.

ఇఖ చిట్టి విరహంగురించి. ఒకొక్కప్పుడు నన్ను రోజల్లా మరిచిపోయాది. రాత్రి పడుకున్నప్పుడు అకస్మాత్తుగా జ్ఞాపకం వొచ్చేవాణ్ణి. "బావా, దా", అని పిలిచేది.

ఒకనాడు రాత్రి తొమ్మిదైయుంటుంది. చిట్టి ఒకకునుకుతీసి లేచింది. మరోఘడియకి మాఅత్తగారు నాదగ్గిరి కొచ్చి,

"చిట్టి నీదగ్గిరి కొస్తానని కూర్చుంది" అన్నాది.

"ఒస్తావ్, చిట్టీ" అన్నాను.

"ఊఁ" అని వినిబించింది. మాఅత్తగారు దాన్నెత్తుకోని నాపరుపుమీద దించి వెళుపోయింది.

కుంయ్యి, కుక్కుమనకుండా కూర్చుంది చిట్టి. సెకండ్లు, నిఁవషాలు, ఐదు నిఁవషాలు, పది, పదిహేను, ఇరవై, అరఘంట — అలాగే కూర్చుంది.

"చిట్టీ, పడుకుంటావా నాదగ్గిర?"

"ఉఁ ఊఁ."

"మరేంచేస్తావ్?" జబాబులేదు.

అలాగా రాత్రి యిద్దరం కూర్చున్నాం. "ఎదల నిశ్శబ్దముగ పల్కరించుకొనుచు." అంతేగాని ఒక్కమాటలేదు. తరవాత కొంత సేపటికి మంచంమీాంచి దింపీమంది. అమ్మదగ్గిరికి పోయి పడుకుంది.

ఓ వారంరోజులు నేను మరోవూరు వెళ్లవలిసొచ్చింది. ఆరోజుల్లో చిట్టిసంగతి మా అత్తగారు చెప్పింది తరవాత. "బావేడీ" అని అడిగేదట. ఊరికెళ్లేడంటే యేడుస్తుందని "తోట్లోకెళ్లేడు, పెరట్లోకెళ్లేడు," అని మరిపింతాలుపెట్టేవారట. ఆసమాధానం ఘంటా, రెండుఘంటలూ ఆగేది; ఎంతాగుతుంది. మళ్లీ చిట్టడిగేదట.

"బావలేడమ్మా. వాళ్లవూరెళ్లేడూ" అనేదట వాళ్లమ్మ. వినక, బావని తెమ్మని యేడుస్తూకూర్చునేదట...

ప్రపంచంలో క్రుయిల్ నెసెసిటీ అన్నదొకటుందని చిట్టికి తెలియదు. తెలిసినా యేడుపువల్ల దాన్ని జయించగలనని దాని ఊహ...

నేను చిట్టినివిడిచిపెట్టి దాదాపు మూడువందరోజులైంది. ఈపాటి నన్ను పూర్తిగా మర్చిపోయుంటుంది. నాకు విచారం లేదు. మళీ పోల్చుకుంటుదన్న ధైర్యఁవుంది.

భయము నా కేల?

భ. రామసోమయాజులు ప్లీడర్షిప్ క్లాసు

ప్రవిమలానందమందానిలప్రశాంత
శీతలోర్మికడోలికాప్రాతమందు,
మధురహేమంతచంద్రికామహానగీతి,
సాగి దెసలంట నుయ్యాల లూగునపుడు;

విశ్వగర్భాన కార్చిచ్చు వెడలు తీవ్ర
శోకదావాగ్ని, పరవశాత్మైకవృత్తి
చల్లనై, కన్ను లరమోడ్చి, శాంతదివ్య

ప్రకృతి మంజులగానస్రవంతిలోన
మునిగి, సడిలేక కొట్టుకపోవునపుడు;
అతితరోదారు నీశ్వరునభయహస్త
మృదులనీరేజదళముల మేను మఱచి,

సృష్టి పసిపాపమై నిదురించునపుడు;
వెర్రినై, బేలనై, విలపించి పోవ,
భయము నా కేల యింతవిశ్వమ్ములోన?

"కాబోలు"

తె. కృష్ణమూర్తి, ఎమ్మేక్లాసు, తిరుచునాపల్లి

నవవసంతపు లేమావి చివురుటాకు
నీడలను హాయి గొంతెత్తి పాడుకొనెడు
కోయిలవిధాన, నునుతీగకొన వసించు
విడివిడని మొగ్గలోనుండి వెడలులేత
కమ్మతావుల బోలు నీకన్నె వలపు
తలపు లెల్లను చిన్నిపాటలుగ గూర్చి
యాలపింతువుకాబోలు——

మేలిపసిడి

చాయలొలికించు మెయిదీవ జవ్వనంపు
తొలిదినమ్ముల దొడిగిన వలపుపూవు
ఎడద వికసించి మెలమెల్ల గడలజిమ్ము
ప్రణయసౌరభముల తీయదనము గ్రోలి
సంభ్రమాశ్చర్యములతోడ సంతసించు
చుందుకాబోలు——

ఒంటి గూర్చున్న వేళ
ప్రేమపుందలపు రెక్కల విప్పి యెగసి
తెలిసితెలియని వింతసీమల యథేచ్ఛ
సంచరించుచు దరహాసచంద్రికలను
జిలుకుచెలికాని యౌవనకళల వెలుగు
మధురమోహనమూర్తిని మది లిఖించు
కొనుచునుందువు కాబోలు——

ప్రతిక్రియ

యామర్తి సూర్యప్రకాశరావు

౧

అరయనాద్యంతరహితమా యంధమొకటి
యావరించెను అకట ! నాసర్వ మవని :
తమసమందుండియైనను దలచుకొనుచు
వందనము లిడుచుందు నీపాదములకు !

ఏవియో ఘోరపవనార్భటీధ్వను లివె
కర్ణకుహరాంతరస్థలిఁ గలఁతఁబరచు
ధూమపావకజ్వాలల నొదిగియుండి
భూతపైశాచములు నన్నుఁ బాడుచుచుండు !

హృదయసమిధల కాష్ఠమం దిడినయట్టి
శోకదావాగ్నికీలల శోభవలనఁ
జిటచిటధ్వనిప్రకరముల్ చెలఁగుచుండ
నశ్రుపతితమాకనుగవల్ యార్పఁజూచు.

౨

ఈభయంకరపావకశిఖల నన్ని
నభయమొసగెడు భవదీయవాగమృతర
సప్రవాహమ్ము చల్లార్ప శక్తికలదు:
జాహ్నవీజలమునకైనఁ జేతగాదు!

ఈపిశాచభూతాళిని బిప్పిఁజేయ
పావనంబైన హస్తసంస్పర్శ గాని,
శాతనారాచజాలము సయితమైన
చంపజాలదు - ఓ ప్రభో! - క్షణములోన.

ప్రణయవేణువనములోన భ్రమరతతులు
రంధ్రములు చేసివేయ, నీరంధ్రగాన
మాధురీరస ముద్భవింపంగ జాలు
వేణుగానలహరి గాక వేఱులేదు
అణప నీప్రచండధ్వను లన్నిటవని

యుష్మదానందదర్శనజ్యోత్స్నగాని
విమలశారదచంద్రికావితతిగూడ
గాఢతిమిరమ్ము నలుదిశల్ కలయఁజిమ్మ
శక్తిహీన మాయెను ప్రభో!............

ఒకపద్యము

ముద్దుకృష్ణ బి. యల్. క్లాసు

నాయెదలో మూలమూల
నవయు పాటపల్లవి విని,
పాడుకొందు జాలిశ్రుతిగ
బాష్పారవమే.
దోషి నగుచు
నాయెడ నేనే!

ఆలోకనము

జనాబ్ ఉమర్ ఆలీషా.

తండ్రియనంతరము మాధవునకు నసంఖ్యాకమైనధనము చేతఁ జిక్కినది. ఆతఁడు కుబేరునికన్న మించినాఁడనినను నతిశయోక్తి కానేరదు. ఏవంకఁజూచినను లక్ష్మి తాండవ మాడుచుండెను. మాధవుఁడు నిజముగ మాధవుఁ డనియే ప్రజలు కొనియాడుచుండిరి. ఆతఁ డొక నవయౌవనుఁడు. ప్రపంచరంగమున కాలు మోపి తన జీవితనాటకమున బాల్య మను అంకమునుండి అప్పు డప్పుడే నిష్క్రమించి రెండవ యంకమునఁ బ్రవేశించెను. అది యౌవనరంగము. నటివచ్చి కథాసూచనము జేసి వెళ్లినది.వచ్చినవారు కితవులు విటులు నటులువిదూషకులు వేశ్యలు ఆతతాయులు.మాధవుఁడువారిలో నొకఁడు. వానిధనరాశి ప్రవాహరూపమున భాండారమునుండి బయలు దేరినది. ఆసువర్ణలసితమైన మహారసమును చేరతో ద్రావ నారంభించిరి. వేడుకలకు అచ్చటముచ్చటలకు ఆటపాటలకు లోటు లేదు. రెండవ దేవేంద్రమందిరము; కైలాసనగము. వైభవోపేతమైన ఆదివ్యప్రదర్శనము వర్ణనాతీతము. మాధవుని పితృదేవతలు వచ్చి విలపించుచు మూలమూలల డాఁగిపోవుచుండిరి. దివ్యులనుండి యొక పరబ్రహ్మమూర్తి తేజోవిరాజితమైన ముఖమండలముచే దిశలు వెలిగింపుచు వచ్చి నిలిచినాఁడు. రంగము మాఱిపోయినది. మాధవుఁ డొక్కఁడే దివ్యపురుషునియెట్టయెదుట నిలిచి యున్నాఁడు.

దివ్య.—

తే.గీ. వ్యయము సంతతధారా ప్రవాహమట్లు
చేయుచుంటివి, యీరీతి చేయునెడల
వచ్చువిధము గలిగియుండ వలయు; లేని
యెడల కష్టాలలోఁ గూలఁబడెద వనఘ.

తే.గీ. వచ్చుమార్గము లేనిచో వ్యయము నాపి
వేయవలయును, విబుధు లీవిషయ మరసి
గీతి నొకదాని పాడి రారీతి నీదు
చెవినిఁ బడలేదె? యెంతటి చెనఁటి వీవు.

తే.గీ. పర్వతాగ్రంబులను వాన పడనియెడల
ఒక్కనెలలోన నెండి బీఁడో యనంగఁ
బరఁగుచుండు గోదావరివంటి యేఱు.
అట్టులార్జన లేని వ్యయంబుఁబుత్ర.

తే.గీ. ఆట లల్లులసహవాస మతివ్యయంబు
మానుమిఁకనైనఁ గాలంబు మాఱిపోయి
ధనమువ్యయమైన నీవు వ్యర్థముగదుఃఖ
భాజనంబగుస్థితిఁ జూడవలసియుండు.

తే.గీ. వెనుకముందారయక యెంతధనికుఁడైన
పగలు కర్పూరదీపముల్ వాడునొక్క-
వాఁడు త్వరలోనె రాత్రిదీపంబులోన
నూని తేలేని పేదవాఁడై నశించు.

మాధవుఁడు (నవ్వి)

తే.గీ. ప్రస్తుతానందమగుస్థితిఁ బాసి యెపుడో
దుఃఖములువచ్చునని నేఁడె దుఃఖపడుట
కోవిదులపని గాదని నీ వెఱింగి
యున్న నిటులాడుటకు జంకి యుందు [వెపుడు.

తే.గీ. దేవుఁ డిచ్చినధనముండ దివ్యమైన
వనముసౌధంబు కాంతాప్రపంచముండ
ఆసవం బుండ సుష్కూప వాసములను
దీయుమను టేటి నీతిబోధింతువనఘు.

సీ. ముందురానున్న నిబ్బందులకై నిసు
మంతయు నెద భయ మందవలదు
వచ్చియేయున్న నిబ్బందులు నిరతంబు
స్థిర మని మదిలోన వెఱవవలదు
బ్రతికియున్నట్టియీ ప్రతినిమేషంబును
విలువైన దని మదిఁ దెలియవలయు
గడచిపోయినకడగండ్లకై వెండియు
దలపోసి మదినిఁ జింతిలుట వలదు

తే.గీ. వచ్చుకష్టాలకై తెగవగవవలదు
వ్యర్థమున శాశ్వతము ప్రాఁతవడ్డజగము
కొఱకుఁ జర్చింప కర్థ మేతెఱఁగునైన
దెచ్చి సంతోషమునఁ ద్రొద్దుఁబుచ్చవల [యు.

వ. నీప్రాచీనమార్గముననుండి మఱలుము.

ఉ. లెమ్ము నిజానురాగభవ
లీలల బుచ్చుము వర్తమానకా
లమ్ము విశాలవిశ్వము వి
లాసవిభాసవినూత్నచారుస
వ్యములఁ గుల్కుచున్నది ని
జమ్ముగ నీసమయంబునందు మ
ద్యమ్మును బాత్రలోనునిచి
హాయిగ ద్రావుము నిర్విచారి వై.

శా. ఆనందించెడు మానసంబునకు
దుఃఖార్తిన్ వృథాసక్తి నే
తేనేరన్ హితకాల మాపదలయం
దేదింప; ముందేమిదా
కానైయుంటినొ యే నెఱుంగ నిపుడీ
కాంతారతం బీసుధా
పానంబున్ గొని యిష్టసిద్ధిఁ దగసం
పాదింతు నర్థార్థి నై.

తే.గీ. ఘనతరానందసంధాయకంబు నైన
భోగభాగ్యంబు లంకినప్పుడు కరంబు
ననుభవింపఁగలేనట్టి చెనఁటినరుఁడు
ఉభయలోకంబులకుఁ జెడి యుడిగిపోవు.

తే.గీ. కాన వెడలుము మానినీమానసాబ్జ
ముల వెలార్చుచు నానంద విలసనముల
రేలు దినములు నామనిఁబోలెఁ గడపు
మదియె జన్మకు సార్థక మవనియందు.

తే.గీ. రేపు వచ్చు దుఃఖమునుగుఱించి నేఁడె
వ్యసనపడనేల మధుమాసవాసరములఁ
బువ్వుఁబోఁడుల కౌఁగిటఁ బ్రొద్దుపుచ్చి
సౌఖ్యపడుమింకఁ దిరిగి యీజన్మరాదు.

దివ్య.—అటులైన నీయర్థము నీవే యనుభ
వింపుము. ఒరుల కేల దారవోసెదవు?

మాధ.—నేను దాతను. నాపేరు దాతలలోఁ
బరిగణింపఁబడుచున్నది.

ఆంధ్రపత్రికా కార్యాలయమున దొరకు గ్రంథములు

రాష్ట్రభాషా హిందీ ప్రథమపుస్తకము—రామానంద శర్మగారు	౦-౩-౦
శ్రీరామవిజయము (నాటకము)—కే. వెంకటరమణరావు గారు	౦-౪-౦
శారదాంబ, (స్త్రీధర్మబోధిని) నాటకము—టి-శ్రీనివాస రాఘవాచార్యులుగారు ...	౦-౮-౦
శబ్దకౌముది (నిఘంటువు)—శిరోభూషణము వేంకటరంగాచార్యులుగారు.	౧-౮-౦
ఆంధ్రోద్యమము—మొదటి అయిదు ఆంధ్రమహాజనసభలఅధ్యక్షుల ఉపన్యాసములు, తీర్మానములు చిత్రములు గలవు	౧-౪-౦
ఆరాధనవిధి—ముదిగొండ నాగలింగశాస్త్రిగారు	౦-౮-౦
ఆత్మజిజ్ఞాసాసంఘము—పారనంది జగన్నాథస్వామిగారు. శరీరమువిడిచిన తరువాత ఆత్మస్థితినిగూర్చి చెప్పునది.	౦-౪-౦
సత్యవత్యుపాఖ్యానము—మల్లంపల్లి మల్లికార్జునశాస్త్రిగారు. ఆ. ౫. రసవత్ప్రబంధము.	౧-౦-౦
గురుబోధామృతము (వేదసారగ్రంథము)—శ్రీమతి కట్టమంచి తిరుమలమ్మగారు. భక్తిరసపరిపూరితములగుపాటలు	౦-౮-౦
తిలకుమహాశయునిజీవితము, సంపూర్ణోపన్యాసములు—మానికొండ సత్యనారాయణశాస్త్రిగారు.	౨-౮-౦
తత్త్వమచంద్రిక (ప్రథమభాగము)—సన్నిధానము సూర్యనారాయణశాస్త్రిగారు ...	౧-౦-౦
సంగీత శమంతకమణి	౦-౪-౦
ఆంధ్రశబ్దచింతామణి (సటీకము)—పారనంది రామశాస్త్రిగారు	౦-౧౨-౦
మహర్షి దేవేంద్రనాథ ఠాకూరుగారి స్వీయచరిత్రము—మొక్కపాటి రామమూర్తిగారు ప్రతివ్యక్తియు ముఖ్యముగ జదువవలసినది. ఫెదర్వైటుకాగితము. పుటలు ౨౧౮ క్యాలికోబైండు. (కొన్నిప్రతులు మాత్రమే కలవు)	౨-౪-౦
శ్యామాసుందరము (నవల)—ఒంతెలి సత్యనాథముగారు. నలువదేండ్లకు పూర్వ మాంధ్రదేశమును కలవరపఱచిన రంపయుద్ధమునకు సంబంధించిన కథయిందు వర్ణింపబడినది. పాత్రలు, కథ, వర్ణనలు హృద్యములై పాఠకులమనముల నాకర్షించును. ...	౧-౦-౦
బారిష్టరు పార్వతీశం (భా.౧)—మొక్కపాటి నరసింహశాస్త్రిగారు (సాహితీసమితి)	౧-౮-౦
రామదాసు నాటకము	౦-౧౦-౦
గాలవఋషి నాటకము	౦-౧౨-౦
మనశ్శరీరములపై పరిసరముల ప్రభావము	౦-౧౨-౦
శతకకవుల చరిత్ర—వంగూరి సుబ్బారావు గారు	౩-౦-౦
కవిత్వతత్త్వవిచారము	౨-౪-౦
ఆంధ్రసర్వకళాశాల విద్యాప్రవృత్తి	౦-౮-౦
హిందీతెలుగు నిఘంటువు—పంచాగ్నుల ఆదినారాయణశాస్త్రిగారు (జేబులో నిముడునది.)	౧-౦-౦
హిందీ మొదటివాచకము " "	౦-౬-౦
హిందీ బాలశిక్ష " "	౦-౬-౦

వీనిని చదివి తెనుగు తెలిసినవారు స్వయముగ హిందీ నేర్చుకొనవచ్చును.

సకలనీతిసమ్మతము	౦-౪-౧	నవభోశచరిత్ర (ద్విపద)	౦-౧౨-౦
అవిమారకము	౦-౧౦-౦	ఏకభాషాలిపి ప్రశంస	౦-౮-౦

పోస్టుఖర్చులు ప్రత్యేకము.

ఆంధ్రపత్రికా కార్యాలయము, (తపాలపెట్టె 212.) 7 తంబుశెట్టివీథి, మద్రాసు.

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